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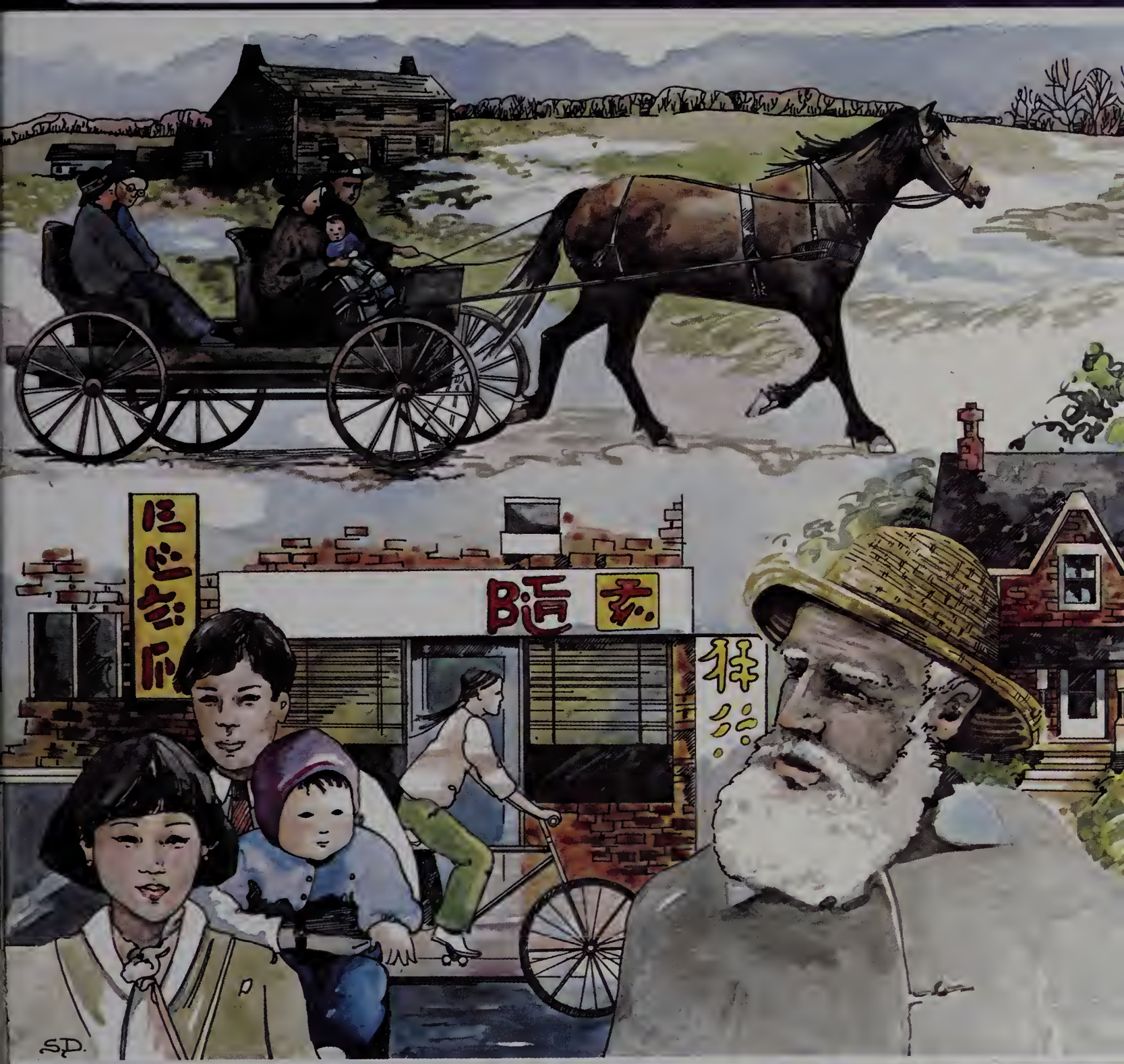

OUR PEOPLE

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Canada: Our People

THE GAGE / MACMILLAN ELEMENTARY SOCIAL STUDIES PROGRAM

Project Five to Nine (Teacher's Resource Book) by Peter Harper et al.
Canada: Our Roots and Environment (CORE), Barry Griffiths, General Editor
Canada: Immigrants and Settlers by Ian Hundey
Canada: Builders of the Nation by Ian Hundey
The Macmillan School Atlas by Ronald C. Daly

Canada: Our Roots and Environment (CORE)

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Canada: Our Home
Canada: Our People
Canada: Our Heritage
Canada: Our Place in the World

Canada: Our People

E. Anne Gibson

Barry Griffiths

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THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED TO
THE CHILDREN OF CANADA.
MAY YOU KNOW ONE ANOTHER
AND GROW TOGETHER.

People and Groups

1 Meet the Wongs

Mrs. Wong came with her parents to Canada from China many years ago. Her son, a doctor, and his wife, a nurse, were born in Canada. Their children are growing up here. In an interview, Mrs. Wong shared her thoughts about the changing ways of her family in Canada.

Coming to Canada

Mrs. Wong Welcome, Mrs. Gibson. Please come in and meet everyone. This is my son, Alan, and his wife, Cathy. These are my grandchildren, Kim and David.

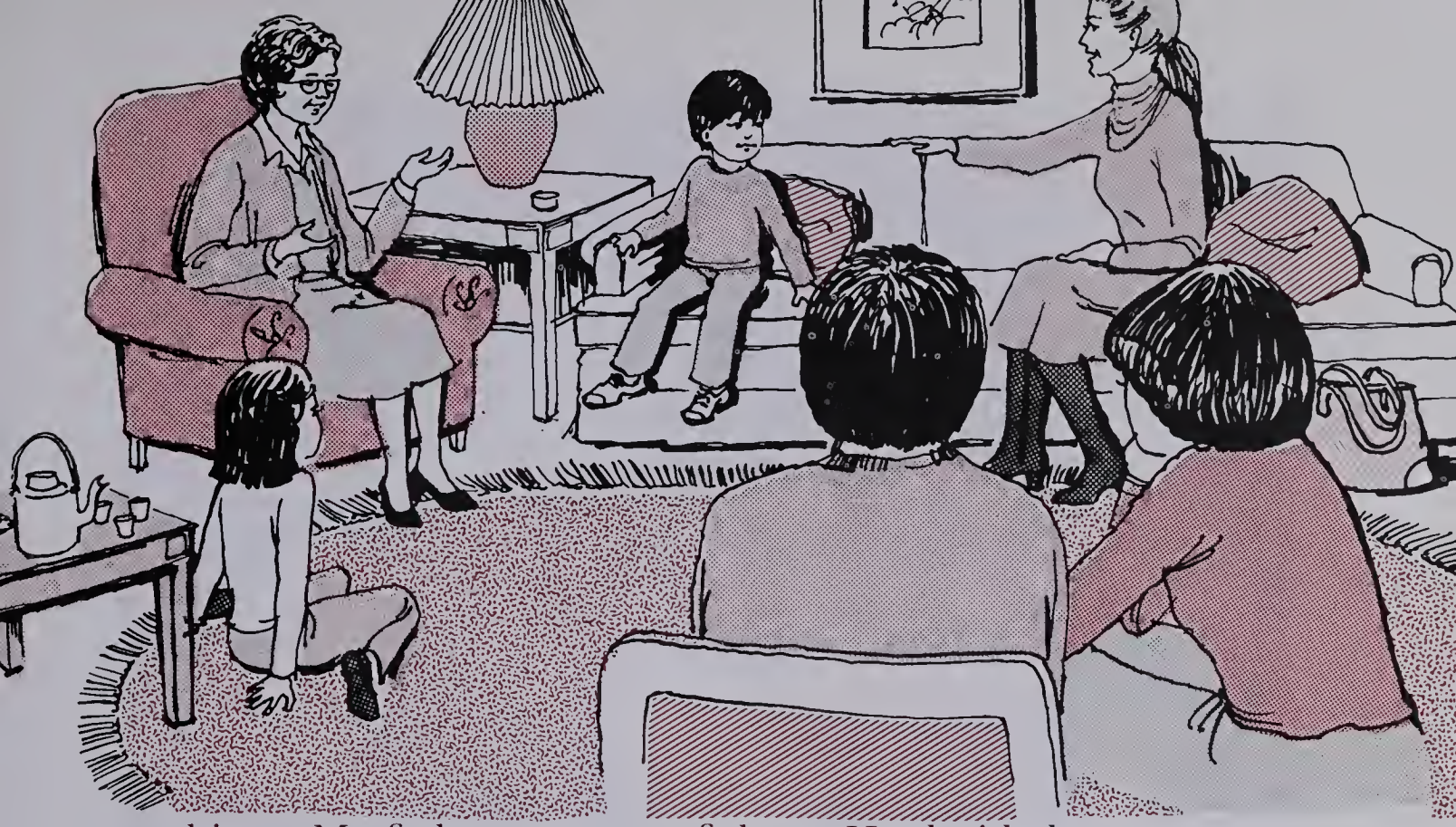
Mrs. Gibson I'm glad to meet you. Thank you for joining us. I need your help to start the book I'm writing.

Mrs. Wong Go right ahead. We will be pleased to talk to you about our family.

Mrs. Gibson To start off, then, Mrs. Wong, why did your parents choose to come to Canada and how did they make their way here?

Mrs. Wong The story began with my father's uncle, a very adventurous man. He was the first to leave China. He had heard other people call Canada "the Golden Mountain". This meant that they thought they would have a better life if they came here.

My father was the eldest in a large family. Not everyone in the family wanted to fish or farm. Some wanted to do other



things. My father was one of these. He decided to come and live with his uncle. For him, to come to Canada was to start out on a great adventure. The two men worked together, and saved their money carefully. My father wanted my mother to join him. When he had saved enough money to pay her fare, he sent for her.

Mrs. Gibson Did your parents ever talk about the trip to Canada?

Mrs. Wong Not much. They came by ship. It was a long journey—almost a month. Neither of them thought it was a dangerous trip.

Mrs. Gibson Where did your parents live when your mother arrived from China?

Mrs. Wong They went to Victoria in British Columbia. At first they lived among the other Chinese families. It was a comfort to be with their own people. They spoke the same language and shared the same ways of living.

Mrs. Gibson What was different for your parents in Victoria?

Mrs. Wong All of their lives had been spent in a small village. Victoria seemed to be a huge city. It had so many people. But

Teacher and students in Canada many years ago.

they did have more comforts. Jobs were different, too. They became used to the changes, but it was a difficult time for them.

Mrs. Gibson In what way is your family the same as it was when you were a young girl?

Mrs. Wong Our family is still very important to us. The family is important to all the Chinese people I know. Long ago, in China, a family lived under one roof. Grandparents, aunts, uncles, and cousins all lived together. We looked up to our grandparents. Age was respected. We listened to older people. They gave good advice.

Mrs. Gibson Is it the same today?

Mrs. Wong Old people do not always live with their families now. But they are still respected. It is simply a different kind of respect than when I was a girl. Young people like to think for themselves these days.

Alan As you can see, our family has changed from the ways of our old Chinese families. My mother has her own house. She lives close to us, but her house is not on the same street as ours.

Mrs. Wong That is true, but we are together often. Sundays are special family days for us. I look forward to having everyone around me each Sunday. We have a meal together. I play with my grandchildren and I talk to Cathy and Alan.

Cathy We like going out together, too. We enjoy going downtown. We may have something to eat and do some shopping.

Mrs. Gibson What kind of food do you enjoy most?

Mrs. Wong We plan one meal each day of Chinese food.

A Chinese Meal

Mrs. Gibson What do you serve in a Chinese meal?

Mrs. Wong We like to begin with a clear soup. The soup is served along with one or two simple dishes. I like bean cakes. Cathy is fond of barbecued pork. There are vegetables to go with every meal. We often have broccoli with beef, for example. For dessert we have fresh fruit.

Cathy A meal like this is eaten quite simply. We use chopsticks and Chinese soup spoons. The food is placed in large bowls in the middle of the table. We each take the food we want.

Mrs. Wong This is a very old way of serving food. It goes back to times when family members or friends dropped in to visit. It was easy to put an extra rice bowl and another pair of chopsticks on the table. Each person took a little less. When food was scarce, the same family rule held. Everyone took less.

Mrs. Gibson Where do you buy the food for these meals?

Mrs. Wong Five years ago, we had to go downtown every week. Mr. Wong had tried to get the supermarket to stock bean sprouts. The manager was not interested. He didn't think that the store would sell enough of them. Now there is a grocery store nearby. It sells bean sprouts and other foods for Chinese meals.

▶ 1. If you moved to a country with a different language, would you choose to live near other Canadians?
(a) Why might that be a good idea?
(b) In what way might it not be such a good idea?

▶ 2. What would you want to take with you if you were moving from your home in Canada to another country?

▶ 3. What would you miss the most if you moved from Canada to another country?

▶ 4. There may be people in your class or school who came to Canada from another country. Compare your answers with the way they think and feel.

A WONG FAMILY MAP

1. In an atlas, find a map of Canada. Using it as a guide, sketch a map of Canada.
2. Name the provinces and territories on your map.
3. (a) Draw a circle on your map to mark Victoria, B.C. Beside it, write the name of the city. This is where Mrs. Wong lived as a young girl.
(b) Do the same for Toronto, Ontario, where Mrs. Wong lives now.
4. Look at the scale on the map in the atlas. How far did Mrs. Wong go when she left Victoria to move to Toronto?
5. (a) In what direction did the Wongs travel?
(b) What provinces did they pass through?

Growing Up in Canada

Mrs. Gibson How was your childhood different from the way your son, Alan, has grown up?

Mrs. Wong When I was a young girl we moved away from the downtown Chinese community. My parents didn't want me to forget our language. At home they spoke only Chinese. Every evening I went to Chinese school from 6:00 to 9:30. I also went on Saturday for two hours.

Mrs. Gibson Did you miss having free time after your regular school day?

Mrs. Wong I had time for some things I liked to do. I didn't get a chance to know the children on my street, though. We didn't have time to learn about or understand each other's ways.

Mrs. Gibson What did you learn at the Chinese school?

Mrs. Wong We learned to read and write in Chinese. We also found out about the history and the customs of people in China.

Mrs. Gibson Did you like Chinese school?

Mrs. Wong I didn't think about it one way or the other. It was just expected that I go. I knew that it was important to my parents. It became important to me when I had children of my own. I taught Alan some Chinese at home. He could read a little and write his name. But he was more interested in playing with his friends.

Alan It wasn't important to me then, and Mom and Dad didn't make me go on. Now I'm sorry that I can't speak or read Chinese.

Cathy Kim and David don't go to Chinese school, either. We would like them to learn Chinese, but the school is too far away.

Alan I wish they were able to read the letters my mother gets from our relatives in China. And there are many old families who live downtown. They speak only Chinese. We should be able to talk to them directly.

A Visit to China

Mrs. Gibson What news do you get from your relatives in China?

Mrs. Wong In a letter from my nephew just last week, he told me about his children. They are growing quickly. I won't know

加拿大是我們的國家

Chinese sentences are read from top to bottom.
The sentence written here means Canada is our home.
Try drawing the first three characters, which mean Canada.

A commune in China today.

them when I see them again! They are doing well in their lessons at school, too. Most letters give a little news about each person in the family.

Cathy Four years ago Mom went to Peking and Kwangchow in China. She also visited the village where Alan's father was born.

Mrs. Wong I was very pleased to see the country my parents came from. I had heard so much about China. I felt that I knew it.

Mrs. Gibson Has life in China changed since your parents grew up there?

Mrs. Wong It is very different. Many families live on large farms now. Farming is their way of life.

Alan Years ago, the Chinese in Canada used to dream of going back to China to retire. This has changed now. Canada is home. Very few old people go back.

Mrs. Gibson Did you see any special events while you were in China?

Mrs. Wong I arrived at the time of the Festival of Double Nines. On the ninth day of the ninth month, people have a special picnic. They hike into the hills or up a mountain. Here they recite poetry, drink wine, and pray for a long life.

The easterly winds are strong in the fall, so it is an ideal time for kite-flying. During this festival, the children fly their kites for as long as they wish. In the part of China I visited, they let the kites fly away at the end of the day—string and all. The kites are supposed to carry all sickness, evil, and bad luck away with them.

▶ 1. Compare the way you are growing up with the way some grown-ups you know grew up. Interview a grown-up about his or her childhood. Then share your findings with a group of your classmates. Prepare some questions to find out
(a) how your childhood is the same as the grown-up's childhood was.
(b) how it is different.

▶ 2. When you grow up, what sort of childhood do you think children will have then? Will it be the same as yours, or different? Sketch a series of pictures to show what you think.

▶ 3. Why do some parents want their children to learn to speak, read, and write their heritage language?

▶ 4. Make a survey of your school to find how many children can speak more than one language or are learning another language. Design a graph to plot your findings.

▶ 5. How many of your classmates attend lessons after school? What sort of lessons do they attend? Why? Design a chart to show your answers.

GROW YOUR OWN BEAN SPROUTS

Buy some mung beans, soybeans, or other dried beans at a grocery store. Mung beans can be bought at many Chinese food stores. They sprout in about three days. Soybeans take about six days.

1. Put 60 mL of beans in 250 mL of lukewarm water. Let them soak overnight.

2. Next day, drain and rinse the beans with warm tap water.

3. Put the beans in a jar. Cover the top with cheesecloth or a J-cloth and fasten the cloth with a rubber band.

4. Place the jar in a warm, *dark,* place.

5. Rinse the beans with cool water four or five times a day. Drain well to prevent mould from growing.

When the sprouts are three to five centimetres long, they are ready to eat.

- How much did your bean sprouts grow each day? Record your answers on a graph.
- Find a recipe and make a bean-sprout salad.
- Are your bean sprouts tender? crisp? tasty? What colour are they? Write a description of them. If your classmates have grown different types of beans, compare your description with theirs.

Remembering

Mrs. Wong Stories we heard when we were young explain our Chinese festivals. The one I liked best told how the Festival of the Cowherd Boy and the Spinning-maid began. The day is special for lovers and romance. It falls on the seventh day of the seventh month. The story goes like this.

The cowherd and the spinning-maid were two young people. Their shapes were outlined in the night sky by two groups of stars. The boy was handsome and a hard worker. The girl was beautiful and expert at sewing and weaving.

One day they met. Soon the boy began to spend less time with his cattle. The girl's heart was no longer in her work. She did not finish the golden robe she was spinning.

When the God of Heaven found out that the work was not being done, he was angry. He ordered the lovers to part. They were sent to opposite ends of the vast Milky Way. They were not to see each other except once a year, on the seventh day of the seventh month.

For a whole year the boy and the girl, wrapped in their loneliness, thought of the day when they might meet. But they did not know how they could cross the Milky Way. The sparrows, who had watched the two, were touched by such sadness. They picked up stones in their beaks and built a bridge across the Milky Way. Thus the lovers were able to meet each year on their special day.

Customs and Festivals

Mrs. Gibson I'd like to know more about Chinese holidays.

Mrs. Wong In old China, some of these special days were kept to mark the changing seasons. Others were kept to show respect for ancestors. These special days gave people time to rest and have fun.

Mrs. Gibson Which of these days mean the most to Chinese people in Canada today?

Alan The Chinese New Year is one. On the Roman calendar it falls some time between January 21 and February 19 each year.

On that day, family comes first. I had to drop out of a key game at high school because of that. I was asked to play on the same day as our New Year. I had to miss the game to be with my family.

Mrs. Wong That is our custom. Each family member should be present. It is thought that anyone who misses the family gathering on New Year's might not be around to join it the next year.

Cathy After I married Alan I learned that it is also a custom to pay all debts by New Year's Eve.

Mrs. Wong And, of course, everyone is one year older.

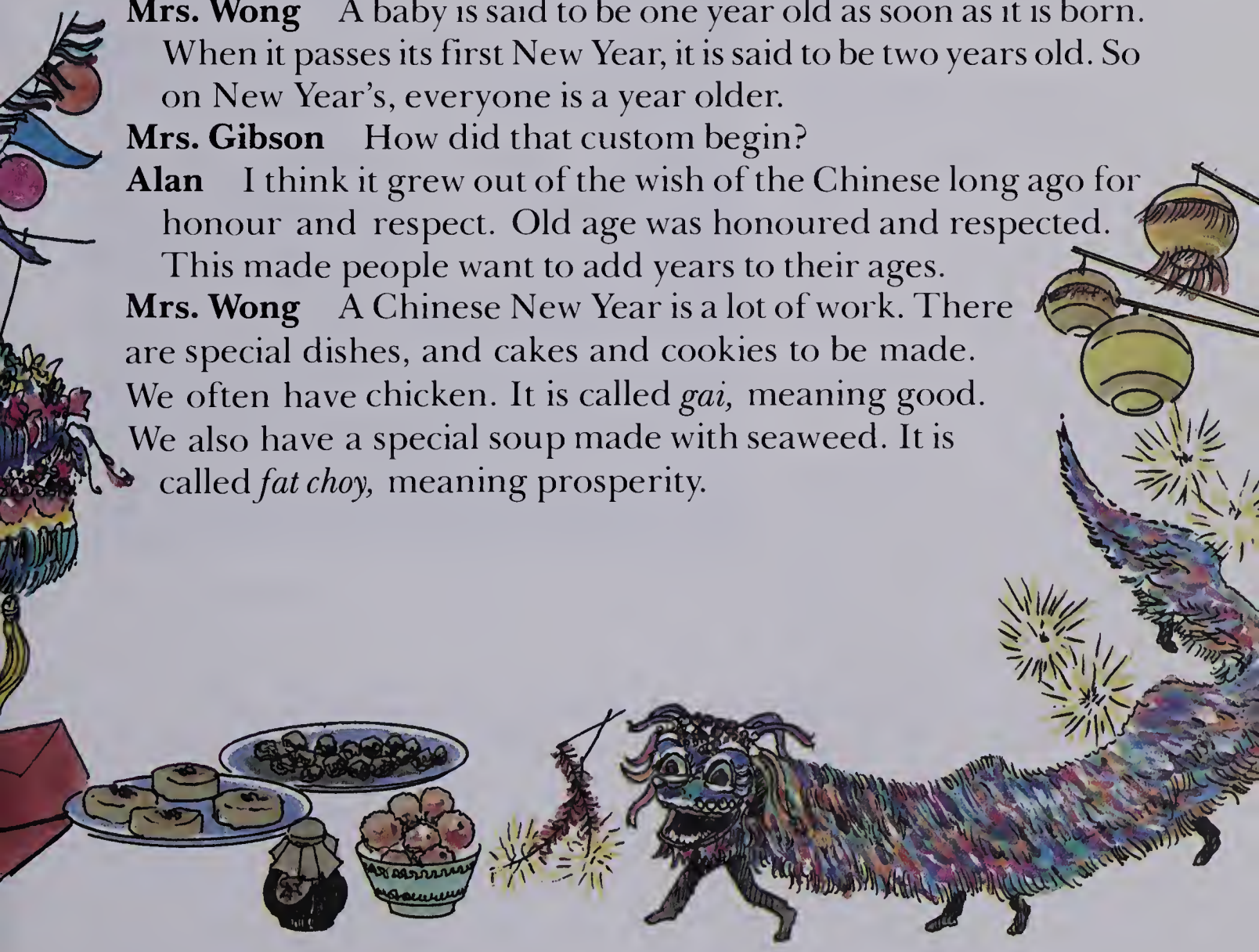
Mrs. Gibson How do you mean, one year older?

Mrs. Wong A baby is said to be one year old as soon as it is born. When it passes its first New Year, it is said to be two years old. So on New Year's, everyone is a year older.

Mrs. Gibson How did that custom begin?

Alan I think it grew out of the wish of the Chinese long ago for honour and respect. Old age was honoured and respected. This made people want to add years to their ages.

Mrs. Wong A Chinese New Year is a lot of work. There are special dishes, and cakes and cookies to be made. We often have chicken. It is called *gai,* meaning good. We also have a special soup made with seaweed. It is called *fat choy,* meaning prosperity.



Cathy And the children receive gifts. They are given red envelopes with money inside. The red stands for good luck.

Alan The fifteenth day of our New Year celebration is the day of the Feast of Lanterns. The biggest parade of the year is on that day. Huge paper dragons parade. The display of lanterns is the part I like best. People light firecrackers. There is a great deal of noise. Everyone enjoys it.

Mrs. Wong We keep other holidays, too. The main spring festival—*Ching Ming* or "Sweeping the Graves"—is close to Easter. It is a time for visiting the graves of ancestors. Flowers and other gifts are placed on the graves. My nephew writes that now, on this day, many young people plant trees.

MAKING A HOLIDAY CALENDAR

A class calendar of holidays can tell you a lot about your community. Talk to people who live in your community. Try to include some who came to Canada from another country, or whose parents did.

- What holidays do they celebrate now?
- What holidays did their families celebrate before they came to Canada?

Mark all the holidays on the class calendar.

- How did each holiday begin?
- What does it honour or celebrate?
- How is it celebrated?
- By whom is it celebrated?

Illustrate each holiday with a poster. Include dates and seasons on each one. Hang the posters in your classroom.

A FESTIVAL GRAPH

1. Make a circle graph. Mark on it the seasons of the year in Canada.
2. Record on the graph the festivals mentioned in this chapter, and some of the well-known festivals in Canada.
3. In what ways can you compare the Chinese and Canadian festivals shown on your graph?

A New Year dragon.

正月	*First month*
二月	*Second month*
三月	*Third month*
四月	*Fourth month*
五月	*Fifth month*
六月	*Sixth month*
七月	*Seventh month*
八月	*Eighth month*
九月	*Ninth month*
十月	*Tenth month*
十一月	*Eleventh month*
十二月	*Twelfth month*

NOODLES
NOODLES

入厨三十年
入厨三十年

Chinatown

Mrs. Gibson I like to go to Chinatown often. There is always something new to see.

Alan That's true. Chinatown has changed a lot over the years. It has grown, too.

Cathy Many Chinese families live there, or visit there often. The people they meet usually speak their own language. For some, Chinatown is more like home than the suburbs are. That's true for newcomers to Canada. Those who wish can buy newspapers, books, and records in Chinese. They can also buy the same kinds of clothing and artwork as they would in China.

Mrs. Gibson Just like home. That reminds me, it's about time that I started for home myself. Thank you for all your help.

Mrs. Wong You are very welcome. We have enjoyed telling you something about ourselves.

CONDUCT AN INTERVIEW

How has family life changed over the years? To find out, interview your own family or another family you know.

- Think of questions that will help the person tell about the family. Write down the first four or five questions you are going to ask.
- Use a notebook or tape recorder to record the answers.

1. *(a) What can you find in these pictures that would remind Chinese Canadians of their Chinese past?*
   (b) What do you see that is much the same as in your community?
   (c) What is different?
2. *Not everyone cares to learn about his or her own culture. How much do you know about where your family came from and how they lived? Is it important or unimportant to know? Why?*
3. *How have the Chinese influenced the Canadian way of life? Think of things such as food, clothing, art, and customs. Record your answers in list or chart form.*

2 Annie Martin's Old Order Mennonite Family

Annie Martin lives on a farm near Waterloo, Ontario. The ways of her family may not seem the same as yours.

The Martins live by the rules of their church. They keep themselves apart from modern ways. They call such ways "worldly". The family wears clothes that look old-fashioned to other people. For many years the Martins did not use hydro or tractors on their farm. They still drive horses and buggies instead of cars. They do not own radios, nor do they play music. The Martin home has no phone.

The Martins belong to a group called Old Order Mennonites. Many other Mennonite families live on the farms around them. They live by the same rules as the Martins. Their horse-drawn buggies are a common sight on the roads.

These Mennonites dress in a way that they call "plain". Mrs. Martin and her eldest daughter wear dark, print dresses and long, black stockings. In the open buggy they put on black bonnets and shawls. The younger girls wear flowered print dresses in pretty colours. A straw hat covers Mr. Martin's head. His dark coat buttons up the front to the neckband. It has no collar or lapels. Young boys dress like their fathers.

1. *Where do you think the children are going? Why do you think so?*
2. *What season of the year is it? How can you tell?*
3. *Who do you like to walk with? Why?*

Annie and the other children have asked their father (whom they call "Doddy") why they stay "out of the world". Doddy explains. Their leader, Menno Simons, said long ago that they must live apart from the rest of the world.

"If we stay together, apart from others," Doddy adds, "it is easier for us to keep our rules. If we mix with other people in the world, we might be tempted to change our ways."

Life still goes on in this way among Old Order Mennonites. If you were to visit Annie's farm for a few days, you might find it very much like this...

Monday

It didn't seem to matter how hard Annie tried. The pen nib just scratched across the page. It caught on the paper in places. This made each one of the letters look rough and shaky. Capital E was very hard to shape. It had to be broken into all those curves and loops. Annie was writing in the style called *Fraktur* lettering.

A drop of ink fell from Annie's pen and spread out over the letters she had just finished. It really wasn't any use, she thought. It would be a long time before she could make her letters well enough to write her name in the family Bible. She sighed as she blotted the runaway ink.

Annie looked up. Miss Wideman, her teacher, was smiling down at her. "Your letters are better today, Annie," she said.

"The ink drops," Annie replied sadly.

Miss Wideman laughed. "These things happen, even to experts. Tomorrow you will be ready to write your poem for our book. You'll see."

"I will, I will!" Annie whispered to herself. "Grossdoddy will help me tonight. He's an expert!"

Miss Wideman would ask them to recite their memory verse next. Annie had practised it all week with Pete and Grossdoddy. She said it to herself again and again.

Good Study Habits
Read all of your lesson
To learn what you need.
To all the directions
Give special good heed.

Outside, Mrs. Weber and Mrs. Eby got out of their buggy. Annie had been thinking so hard about her verse that she was startled to see them. It was their turn to bring the hot lunch for the class. Hunger began to growl in Annie's stomach.

Annie looked at the pot the women brought in. She guessed that it held potato soup. Potato soup was delicious! It left little room for anything else.

The children lined up, and Mrs. Eby ladled the hot potatoes into each dish. She chatted to everyone as she worked. "Don't eat yourself full," she warned. "There's cake yet."

After lunch, Annie and her friend Rebecca cleaned all the dishes. The others played outside. This was Annie's chance to talk to Rebecca. She had to tell her about Penny, Annie's favourite goose. As a rule, Penny was at Annie's heels at feeding time. That day, Penny did not strut or follow in Annie's steps. She had sat square on her nest. She had ignored Annie.

Annie and Rebecca decided that Penny's goslings would hatch soon. Perhaps by the next day it might happen. Even though there were new goslings each spring, Annie always looked forward to their hatching.

Miss Wideman stepped outside and rang her brass hand-bell. It was time for the afternoon history lesson.

That day the class was to hear about Bishop Eby and his family. The Ebys were among the first Mennonites in Canada. They had come in their Conestoga wagon from Pennsylvania. Annie knew this story by heart. Grossdoddy told it at home for the whole family. He would tell it again for Annie. He knew how she loved to hear about the past.

Not all grossdoddies "remembered backwards" quite as well as Annie's. He liked to sit in the old kitchen rocker. There, he would

Eby Family Register, in Fraktur *lettering.*

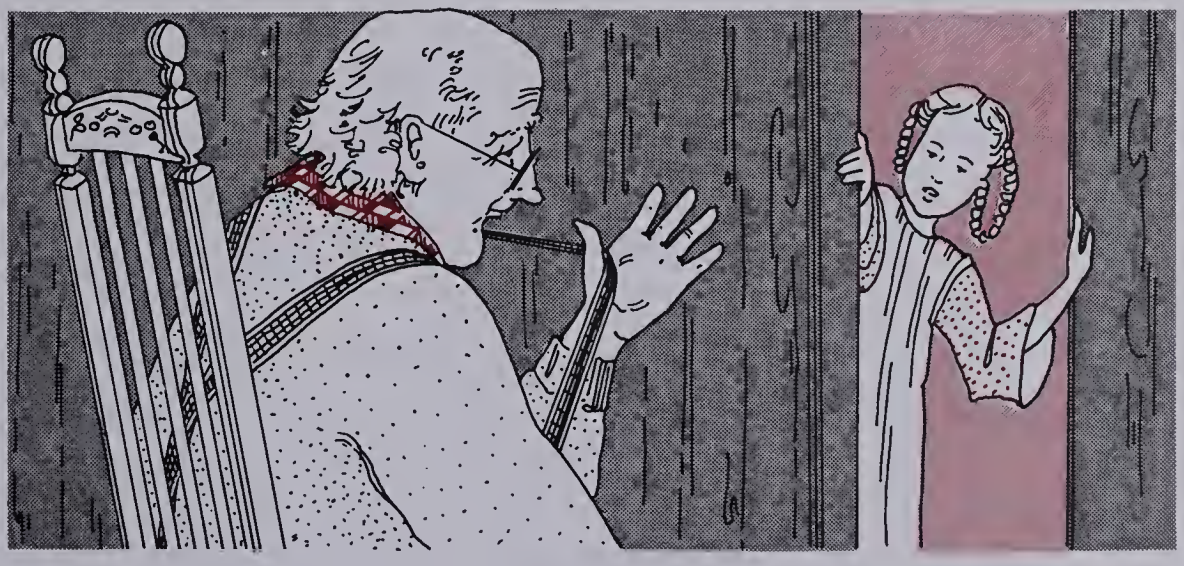
rock slowly back and forth. As he talked, the family learned about the Mennonites who had lived long ago.

At four o'clock all the children said a short prayer. School was over for the day. Annie tried to hurry her sisters, Lizzie, Sarah, and Rachel. Her brother Pete used to look after them, but now that he worked with Doddy on the farm, it was her job. Usually Annie enjoyed it. Today, though, she wanted to get home fast. She needed Grossdoddy's help with her letters.

When they reached the top of the lane that led to the Martin farm, Annie ran on ahead. She knew her sisters were "safe to home". She headed for the door of the doddy-house, where she hoped Grossdoddy would be waiting for her visit.

Annie peeked around the door. There was Grossdoddy, grinning at her over the top of his eye-glasses. She didn't stop to take a breath. She started right in to tell about her problem with the letters. Grossdoddy stretched his suspenders and frowned. He raised his eyebrows and nodded. Annie talked faster and faster.

At the end, Grossdoddy pointed toward the kitchen where Annie's mother was cooking. "Go and fetch us both a piece, Annie," he said gently. "Then we'll start to work."



Mennonite houses have doddy-houses attached, where grandparents live. Why do you think Annie enjoys having her grossdoddy nearby?

Would you like to travel by horse and buggy? Why or why not?

Tuesday

Annie had a good feeling about the day. She had heard Pete's harness jingling from the barn. He had business in St. Jacobs today. That meant the girls would ride to school instead of walking. A smile crossed Annie's face as she heard her mother speak.

"Lizzie, comb yourself. You're all strubbly." Lizzie was always the sleepy-head.

After breakfast, Annie climbed up front in the buggy, next to Pete. Lizzie, Rachel, and Sarah sat snugly in the seat behind. Pete, who loved to tease, urged the horse to speed up. The strong breeze whipped at the girls' bonnets. After the first screams and giggles, Pete was content. He slowed to an easy pace.

As they crossed the shallow creek, Pete's new harness caught Annie's eye. Like all Old Order Mennonite farmers, Pete was proud of his horses. This harness was the first new set he had earned.

"What happened to the shiny brass, Pete?" Annie asked. The big, brass knobs on top of the harness were covered over with black paint. The day before, they had shone in the sun.

"Grossdoddy said it was a bit too worldly," Pete told her. Annie saw the twinkle in his eyes. "This is the way we keep ourselves from becoming worldly." Annie nodded her approval as they pulled up to the schoolhouse gate.

Inside, the girls hung up their coats and bonnets. There was only one seat left in each of the four rows. They sat down just as the teacher began to speak.

Miss Wideman started the children off on their new project. They all felt excited. Thomas, Aaron, Annie, and Lydia, the older students, had written some poetry. That day they were going to make a book. First they would write the poems in *Fraktur* lettering. Then they would draw pictures to go with them. The others drew pictures of maple syruping.

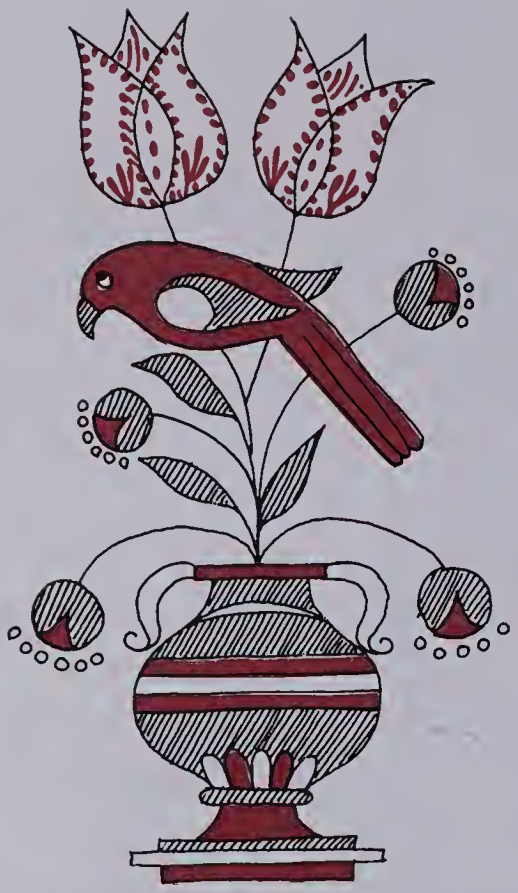
This project was special. It was planned for shut-ins to enjoy. These were people who were too sick or too old to go out. Mrs. Wideman had told the class about them. The children looked forward to hearing how the shut-ins liked their booklets.

As she worked on her letters, Annie repeated the things that Grossdoddy had taught her. Her letters were smooth and dark today. Grossdoddy had shown her how to keep the pen nib steady on the page. He had also penned some fancy border patterns for Annie to practise.

Annie tipped up her page for Thomas to see. She had drawn a bird design for her poem. Tom smiled and nodded. He himself was a fine artist. Annie was pleased that he liked her work.

When she reached the doddy-house after class, Grossdoddy was there. Annie made an announcement. She was going to begin a gift for Mommy's birthday—a Birth Record. Annie would draw the letters and a very special design. Grossdoddy nodded and laughed softly.

"Such a different girl from yesterday came to visit," he said. "Good, Annie. Good."



What shapes did Annie use in her drawing?

What would your own birth record say?

1. *Why don't Old Order Mennonite families need fire insurance?*
2. *How do people in your community help others?*

Wednesday

Mr. and Mrs. Martin were up before the sun on Wednesday morning. Annie called out when she heard the first footsteps. "Is it time to stand up yet?"

"It's early yet," her father called back. He opened the door to Annie's room and stuck his head in. "Mommy and Pete and I go to Jacob Rudy's to work on their new barn." Annie snuggled back under her warm quilts. She sighed contentedly.

As Annie dozed, Pete and Mr. Martin pulled the wagon up to the side door. It was full of lumber. Pete loaded the food baskets that Mrs. Martin had set out. She had prepared the food the day before. Summer sausage, potato salad, cooked cheese, and pick-

The families share their food at the barn-raising.

les filled one basket. Molasses cookies, shoo-fly pie, and spreadings were packed in the other. There would be plenty to eat at the barn-raising!

They pulled up to the end of their lane. A long line of buggies and wagons was heading for the Rudy's farm. The Martins waited to join in. It had been only four days since fire had destroyed the Rudys' barn. Nine of their best cattle had been killed. All of the Mennonite families in the area had come to help with the clean-up. New cattle had been given to replace those lost. Today, with the help of their neighbours, the Rudys would rebuild the barn.

The women quilt while the men work on the barn.

1. *Do you think it is a good idea to have a quilting bee? A barn-raising bee? Give reasons for your answer.*
2. *Why is it important to have a leader when working together?*
3. *What activities take place in your class or school that are like bees? How are they similar?*

Thursday

Pete headed for the barn at 5:00 a.m. to begin milking. Later, after breakfast, he had many spring farm chores to attend to.

Doddy and Mommy were working at the sugar bush getting the maple syrup ready for the Saturday market.

First they bored a little hole in each tree and tapped a spout into the hole. After gathering the sap from the maple trees,

mommy and doddy boiled and boiled it until it became a thick syrup. When it was just right, the syrup was bottled for market day. But some was saved for home, too! Grossdoddy called maple syrup his spring crop.

Pete's Day

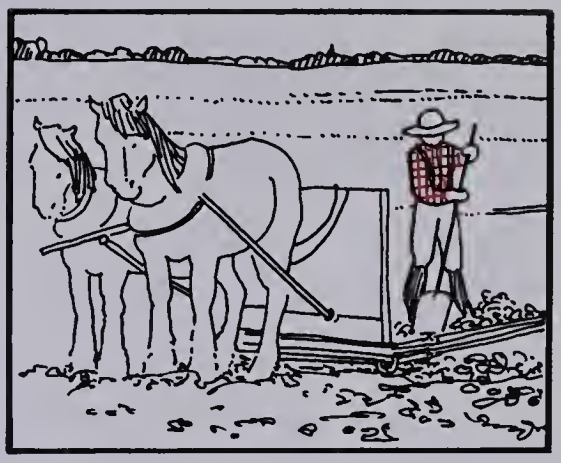
Before Breakfast

1. Milking

2. Cleaning out the barn

3. Feeding the cattle

After Breakfast

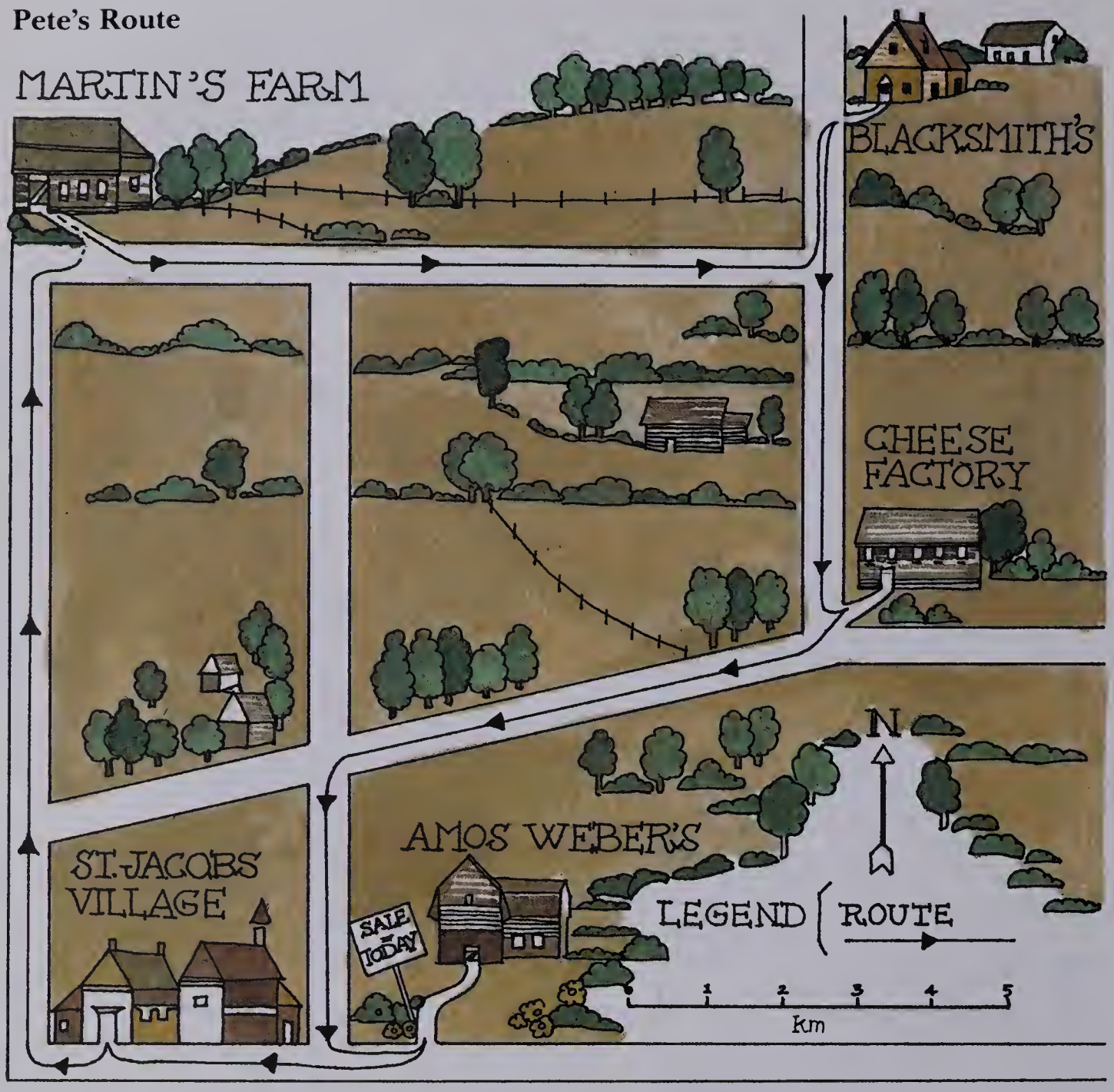


4. Spreading manure

5. Putting new chicks in the brooder

6. Checking the field to see when ploughing can start.

Pete's Route



- 1. With your finger, trace Pete's route.
- 2. In what direction is he travelling to get to each place? to get home?
- 3. How far does Pete travel from the blacksmith's to Amos Weber's? from the cheese factory to his home? How far does he travel altogether?

Friday

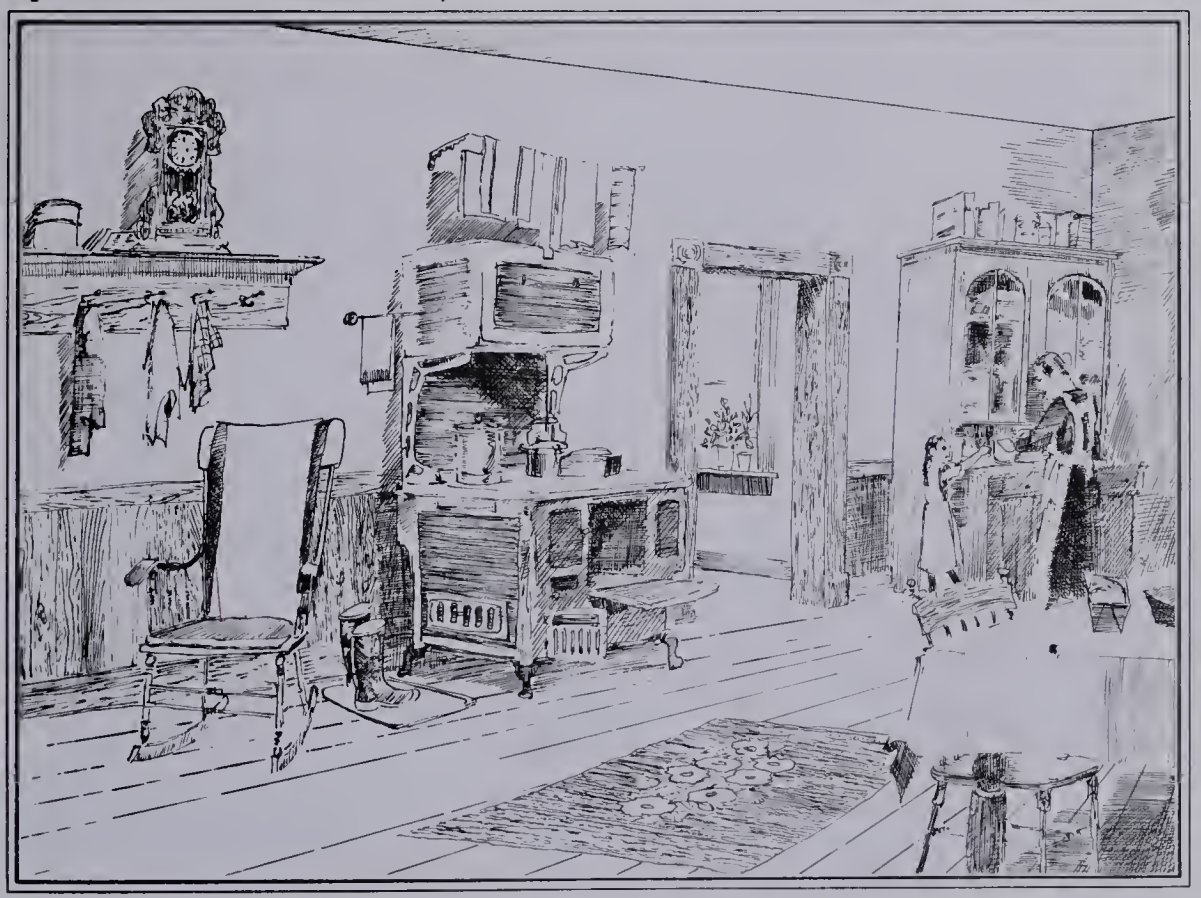
The chickens squawked and flew out of her path as Annie left the chicken coop. She counted thirty-six eggs in her basket. She smiled to herself. What a fine business she would do at the market the next day!

As Annie entered the kitchen, a small figure stumbled through the door of the pantry. It was Lizzie, loaded down with empty egg crates. "Just slow up a little, Lizzie," said Annie.

"Got to get all the chores caught after," her sister gasped. She was all out of breath. "Tomorrow comes soon."

Friday was the busiest day of the week at the Martins'. They had to prepare all the things they would sell next day.

In the spring house, there was a big trough of cold running water. It cooled the butter that Mrs. Martin had made earlier in the week. She had churned it, shaped it, and wrapped it in oiled paper. Now it was ready for sale.



Compare this Mennonite kitchen with the kitchen in your home.

Mrs. Martin and the girls did the packing. There were crocks of cheese and jars of strawberry jam. Doddy brought his pails of maple syrup from the shed. One basket was already packed. In it were Mommy's crocheted doilies, small baby quilts, and even goose wings. Grossmommy used to say that goose wings were "extra good for cleaning out the corners". The whole load would go into the buggy the next day.

It was Friday night. The Martins' kitchen was quiet earlier than usual. Mommy and the girls had put away their mending and quilt-piecing. They pulled Grossdoddy from his rocking chair where he was dozing, and headed him for the doddy-house and bed. Pete and his father had one last chore to do. They had to check the barn and stock. Then they, too, could go to bed. Everyone would be up early for the hour-long journey to Kitchener. They would be ready for business when the market opened at 5:00 a.m.

Saturday

Grossdoddy has been going to the Kitchener market for years and years. He looks forward to seeing his customers and friends each week. His favourites are Mrs. McKenna and Mr. Price. They have always bought from him.

At times, the Martins sell almost all their goods. Then Grossdoddy has a cheerful word for late-comers. "You should come early, or it's already too late!" he calls.

Sunday

It was time to go to the Meeting House. Annie and her mother and sisters put on their dainty, white, organdy prayer caps. The men dusted off their broad-brimmed, black hats. They all wanted to look their best for the meeting, and for the visiting afterwards.

Pete had the horses harnessed. As the Martins started down

List, or collect photographs of, places of worship in your community.

1. *Who are the leaders?*
2. *What kinds of service are held in each? Compare them.*

the farm lane it was exactly 9:30 a.m. At the end of the lane the horses turned to the right. They didn't need any signal—they seemed to know it was Sunday.

During the service Annie sat between her friends, Rebecca and Susanna. She looked up and down the long rows of benches. Her legs swung restlessly as the minister, Mr. Brubacker, talked.

The men's broad-brimmed hats hung on rows of wooden pegs, above the benches where all the men sat. Two of them caught Annie's eye. A breeze was blowing from the hall at the back of the room. It made the two hats rock back and forth. Annie imagined a sudden gust of wind taking hold of all the hats. In her mind's eye she saw them toppling down on the solemn rows of men underneath. She held her breath to keep a giggle from escaping. Susanna nudged her arm.

Annie heard Mr. Brubacker's voice rising and falling. She tried to listen. She knew that Grossdoddy wanted her to learn all of the things that would make her a good Christian. She thought back to things Grossdoddy had told her. Once she had asked him whether all the good people in the world are Mennonites. Grossdoddy had explained that there are many other good people. Although they live in the world and drive cars, their hearts are good and kind. He said he once knew a man who dressed plain and drove his buggy to the Meeting House every week. But this man had a wicked heart. Grossdoddy told Annie, "It's what is in a person's heart that really matters."

Annie's mind drifted back to the present. The final hymn was being sung. Mr. Brubacker said his parting words, "The Lord bless thee and keep thee."

Annie leaped up, anxious to be on her way. Her legs were unsteady at first, from sitting through the three-hour service. She wished she could slip out the back door. That's what Pete and the other young men did when they wanted to take a break from the sermon.

"Today we go to the Bakers' farm!" Doddy called to Levi Horst, as he walked toward the buggies.

"Good," answered Levi. "We would like to see their house."

Annie's heart sang at this news. The Bakers had moved into the next farm beyond the maples not long ago. Susanna Baker was Annie's new friend. She had a baby goat that Annie wanted to see. Maybe they could go out to the barn while the adults chatted. With any luck at all, Rebecca Gingerich's family would be there, too.

Pete saw their rig first. He winked at Annie, looking pleased. Annie knew that Pete and Noah Gingerich could "get on" about horses for hours.

There were at least eight carriages dotting the lane to the Baker barn. Grossdoddy climbed down. "A good welcome for the new neighbours," he said.

Many people were gathered in the kitchen. Mrs. Baker invited them to the long tables. The women and young girls helped with the carrying. Plates of cucumber pickles, pickled corn and beets, pies, and cakes were set out. Hot meat and vegetables followed. There were a few moments of silent grace. "You just help yourself. See that you eat yourself full," said Mrs. Baker cheerfully.

Platters of mashed potatoes, sauerkraut, and roast pork were passed. There was bean salad and apple sauce, too. After eating, the guests wiped up any food that was left on their plates with bread. Eating all the food that is served is a sign of good manners

in Old Order Mennonite homes. Annie liked Sunday company dinners. There were so many different kinds of fruit, cakes, and pies to choose from. She wondered whether she would be able to walk to the barn after so much good food. She was pleased that, after today, it would be known that Susanna's mother "sets a fine table".

When the meal was finished, Mrs. Baker took charge. "Come, now," she said. "We'll take the dishes away. Then we'll set ourselves a while." Later, she would show the women her quilts in the upstairs bedrooms with the pumpkin-yellow floors.

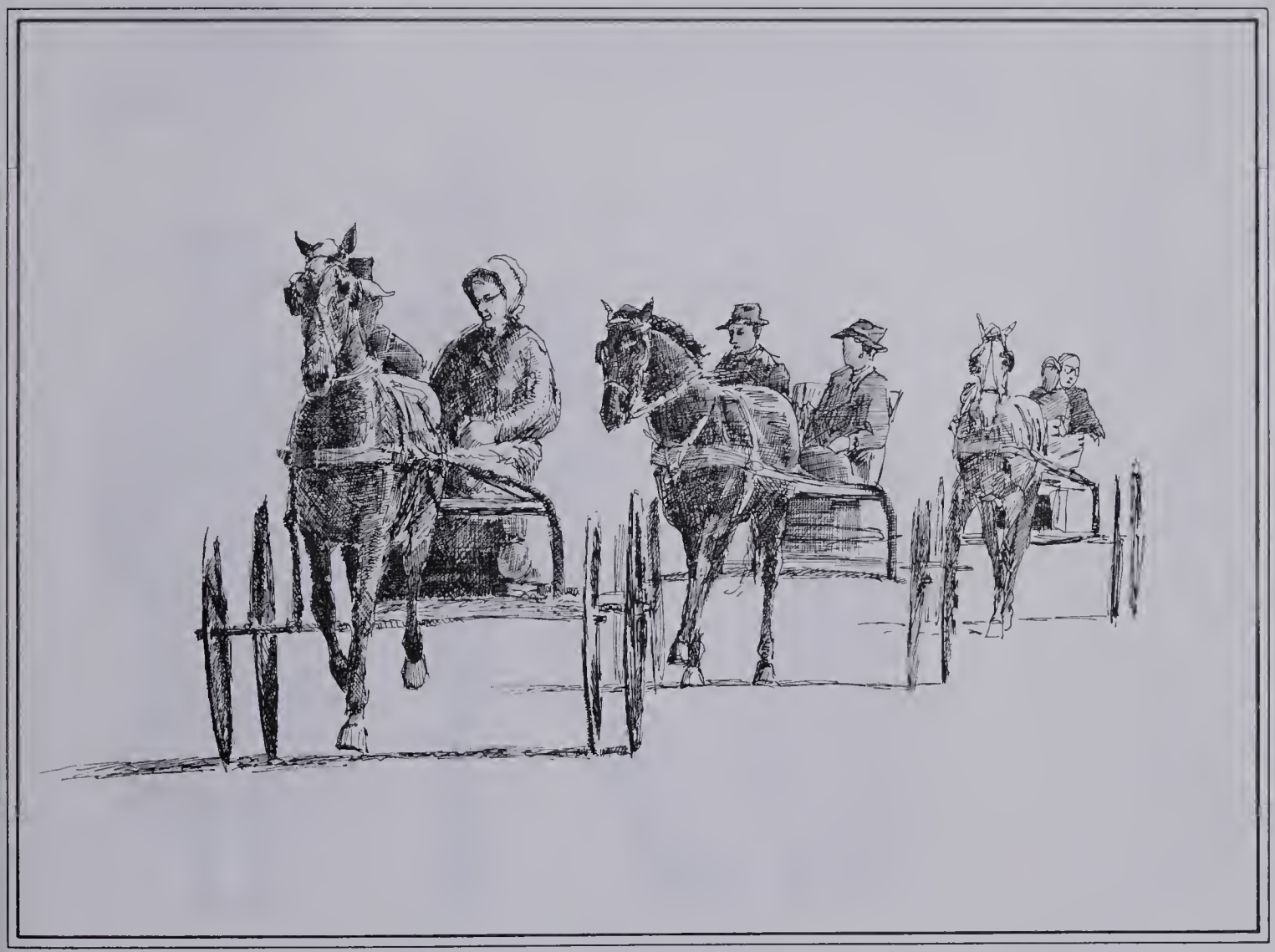
Out in the barn, Annie, Susanna, and Rebecca watched the baby goat. Annie was thrilled as he nudged her gently and ate some grain from her hand. Out of the corner of her eye she saw another goat. He was so much like a wrinkled, old man that she moved closer to inspect him. His beard hung thinly around his chin. Two huge horns on either side of his head looked like thick coils of rope. He stared at Annie as he chewed.

"Susanna, is that the grossdoddy?" Annie asked.

"That's Ebenezer," Susanna laughed. "He's the gross-grossdoddy of all our goats!"

Rebecca became tired of the goats and suggested a game. "Let's pretend we're outsiders with fancy hats and dresses," she said. But before the game could begin, Pete came to the barn door. He reminded Annie that it was getting close to milking time. Annie thanked Susanna for the visit and walked toward the rigs. She promised to see Susanna and Rebecca at school the next day.

The line of buggies wheeled out from the Bakers' farm. Mommy and Doddy talked about the day's events. Pete was napping. Grossdoddy blew a few notes on the willow whistle he had made. Annie lay back to dream about owning a fine old goat like Ebenezer.



APPLE DOLLS

Apple dolls can be made to look like real people. Dress your dolls in the "plain" clothes of Annie Martin's family.

1. Study these pictures and others in this chapter that show the Mennonites' "plain" dress.
2. Sketch pictures of the clothing worn by a Mennonite woman, man, and child.
3. Make an apple-head doll. Use a plastic detergent bottle as the body.
4. Dress the doll. Glue on the clothes, using one of your sketches to help you.

Prayer cap

Bonnet

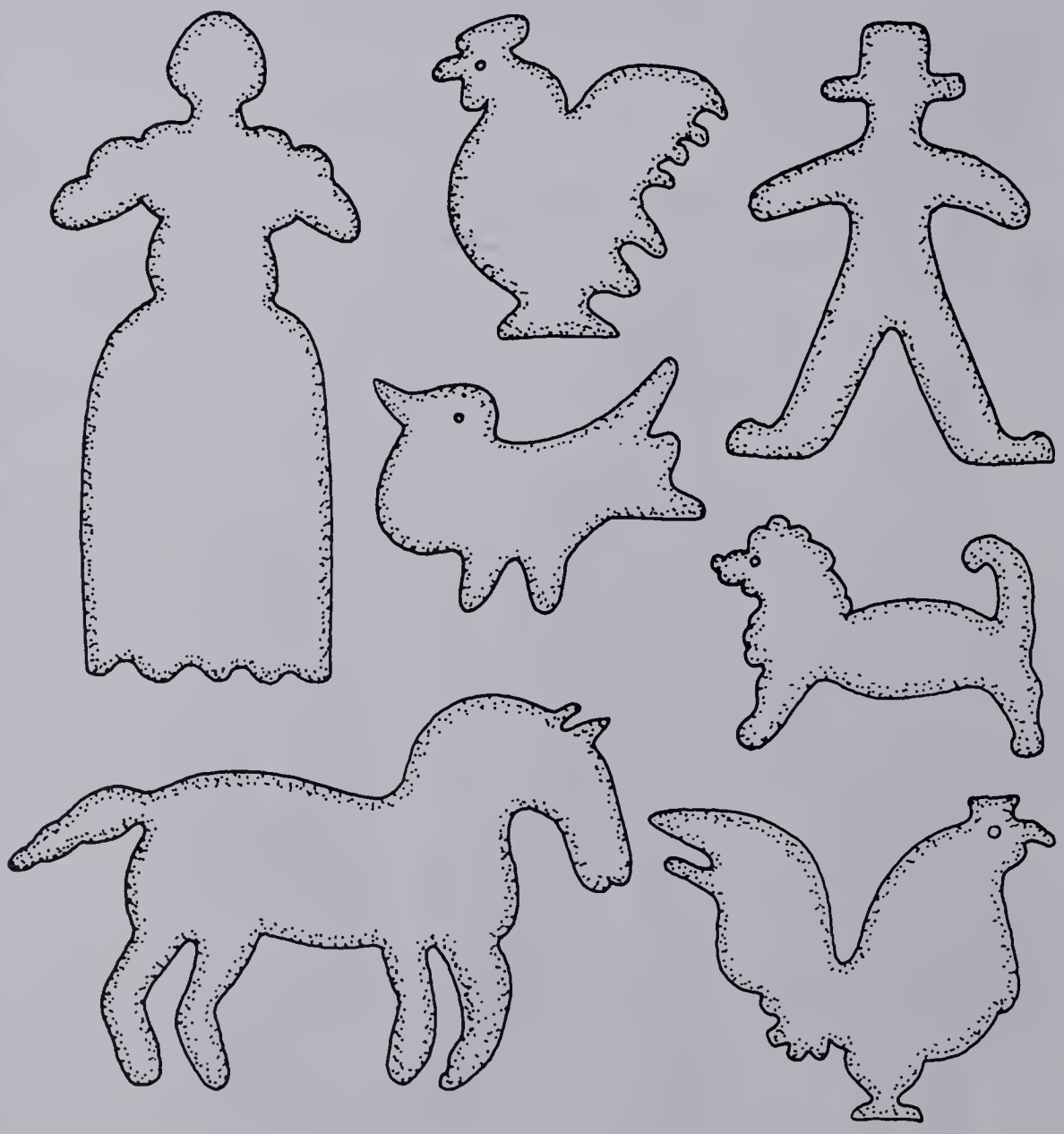
Typical Mennonite Clothing

FRAKTUR WRITING

1. Learn to make the *Fraktur* letters, using the alphabet below as a model.
2. Write and illustrate a saying or a poem for your classroom, using *Fraktur* writing and symbols.
3. Study the lines, shapes, and patterns of the border designs.
   (a) Design a border pattern of your own.
   (b) Use border patterns to decorate your notebook or artwork.
4. Design a Birth Record for yourself. See page 26. Include your name and the day, month, and year you were born.

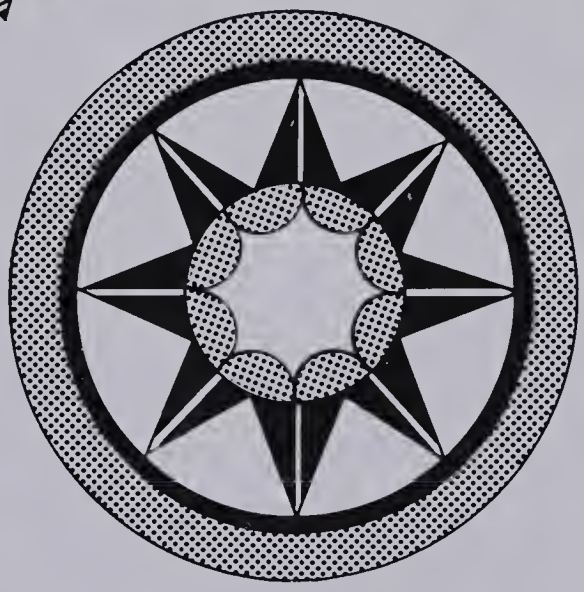
FRAKTUR DRAWING

1. Collect some cookie cutters that are in the shape of animals or people. C
   use the shapes shown here.
2. Draw an outline around one or more of your cookie cutters. Or trace the one
   shown here on your own paper.
3. Study the heart, tulip, and barn designs on the opposite page. Notice ho
   they were done.
4. Using your cookie-cutter shapes, make your own designs.



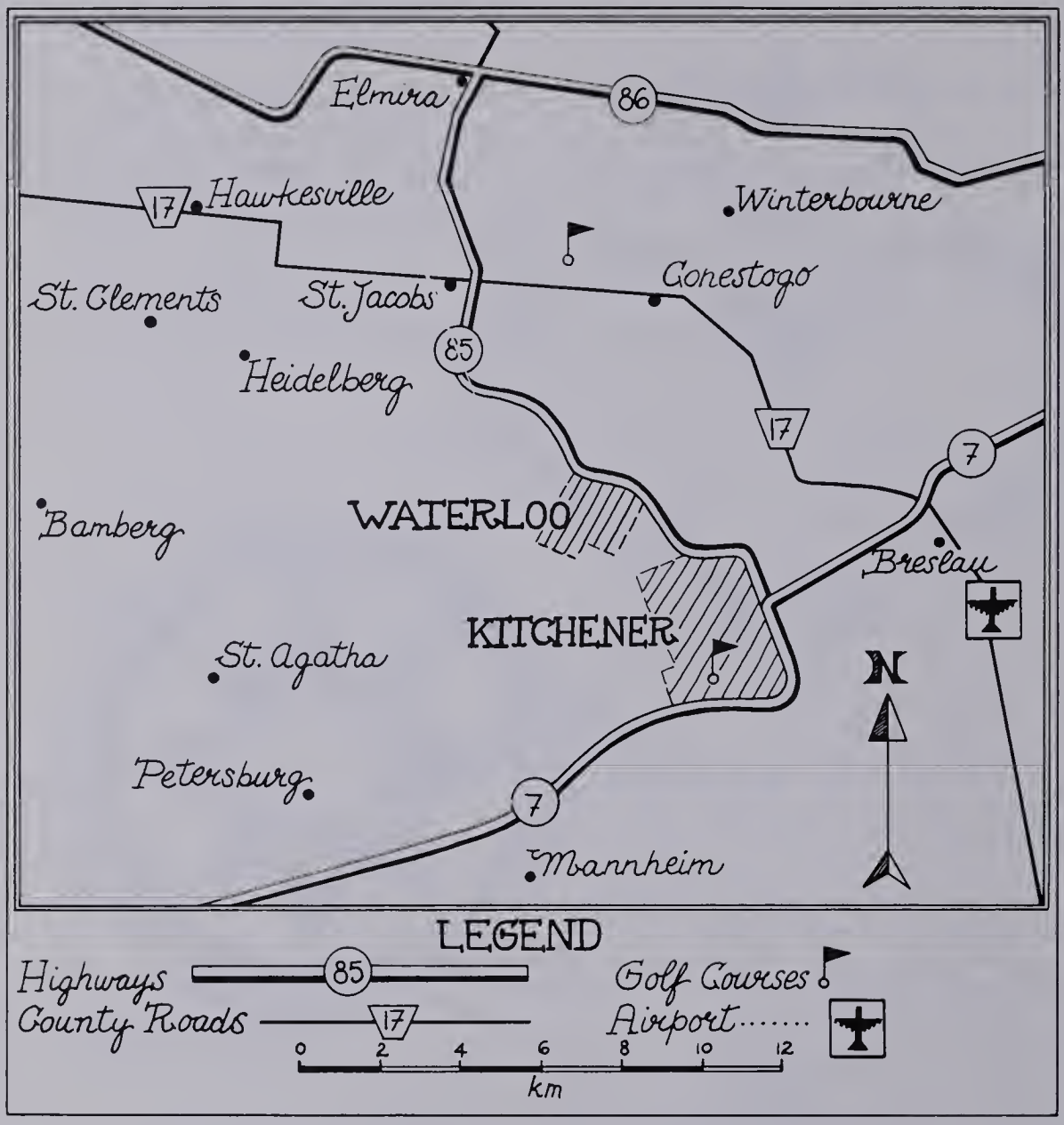
Fraktur art: animals and birds from cookie cutters

Heart



Barn symbol

Tulip



READING A ROAD MAP

1. What town is located near the junction of Highways 85 and 17?
2. Which community is located farthest north? farthest west? farthest south?
3. Which is the largest community in the map area?
4. What town is closest to Heidelberg?
5. What towns are close to a golf course?
6. In what direction is the airport from St. Jacobs?

Growing Up in an Outport 3

Jim Roberts was born in Deer Cove, Newfoundland, over thirty years ago. When he was growing up, 240 people lived in the outport. Almost all of them had been born there, too. It was a friendly village. The children all knew that they were welcome in any house.

There were seven in Jim's family. They lived in a cream-coloured frame house that stood a little way back from the shore. His grandparents lived in the house next door.

Grandpa had retired. Although he no longer went fishing, his heart was still with the fishing boats at sea. Every evening he went down to the docks to meet them. Another pair of hands to help unload the fish was always welcome.

Grandpa had a brown horse that he kept in a small barn behind the house. He used it to pull a small wooden sled. He also kept a few sheep in the back yard. Every spring, when their coats were the thickest, he clipped them. Grandma then used her spinning wheel to make the wool into yarn. She knit the best-looking sweaters in Deer Cove.

The people of Deer Cove learned to count on one another, as it was 22 km to the next outport—and there was no road. The only way to get out was by boat. Sometimes the weather was so bad the boats stayed in harbour for days at a time.

The Fishing Season

The boats were repaired during the winter. Many of them got a new coat of paint. By late May, the sea ice had broken up and drifted away. This was when the codfish came back to the inshore waters from the deep sea. Everyone was eager to start fishing.

Jim's father and his Uncle Bill always fished together. When the weather was right, they got up early in the morning and went down to the beach. Putting their wooden lunch boxes in the boat, they sailed out to sea. They stayed within 10 km of the shore. This was where the cod were most likely to be found.

Sometimes Jim went out with them to the fishing grounds. They carefully chose a certain spot to anchor. If they chose well, they could count on a good day's fishing. The men seemed to know the bottom of the ocean as well as they knew the land around Deer Cove.

They made sure the fishing lines with the hooks were not tangled. Then the lines were heaved over the side. When the hooks touched bottom the men pulled them up a little and jigged them up and down.

On a good day it seemed that every few seconds someone hauled in a large, heavy cod. The fish came out of the water without a fight, like sacks of wet flour. The bins in the boat were soon full.

The men came back from the fishing grounds late in the day. Pulling up to the village dock, they unloaded the day's catch. The shore crowd gathered around the cutting table to prepare the fish. The cod were gutted, split, salted, and then laid out to dry.

Keeping Things Going

While his father and uncle were fishing, Jim's mother worked all day. During the summer there was always something that had to be done.

Spreading codfish to dry.

The day, for Mrs. Roberts, often began before dawn. First, she cooked breakfast for her hungry family. Then, twice a week, she baked bread. She made eight or nine loaves at a time. If the children happened to wake up a few minutes late, the dough would already be rising in the pans.

Jim's mother looked forward to spring. She could hardly wait to plant her vegetable garden. Cabbages, potatoes, carrots, and turnips grew well in her garden, even though the soil was poor and the weather cool. When the vegetables were picked, they would be stored in the root cellar. They lasted all winter in the cool, dark room under the house.

There was always a pile of clothes to be washed. Jim's mother carried water from the rain barrel outside and heated it on the stove. She scrubbed the clothes by hand on a scrub board.

In the evening, she met the boat when it came back from the fishing grounds. Joining the shore crowd, she helped cut up the fish. Even though it was a lot of work, she looked forward to this time. It gave her a chance to talk to Grandpa and the others who

went down to the dock to help. By the end of the day, she was bone-weary.

Summer Treats

Except for staple foods, such as flour and salt, all the families in the outport relied on nature for their food. There were no supermarkets to supply them.

Near the village was a fast-flowing river. It rushed down, through a valley, into the sea. In the spring it was full of salmon. Everyone who could spare the time went out to catch them. Some years, the villagers had had to eat salt cod and salt meat all winter. The fresh fish was a welcome change.

In the bushes and marshes behind the village, wild berries ripened. There were blueberries, raspberries, and, best of all, cloudberries. The villagers called these "bakeapples," because they looked like tiny baked apples when they were ripe. The marsh was within easy walking distance of the houses. It took the children a long time to fill their berry buckets, but it was worth it. Any berries that were not eaten for supper were made into jam or put into big stone crocks. The crocks held layers of berries between layers of sugar. They were stored in the root cellar. It was a treat to have fruit preserves in the early winter. And Mother's good bakeapple jam was a treat to be enjoyed all year round.

Cloudberries.

The Summer Ends

By the end of September most of the codfish had left Newfoundland waters. They would spend the stormy winter months in the deep waters of the Atlantic Ocean. The fishing season was over.

Fall brought other changes, too, to Deer Cove. The days got shorter and the air cold. Winds came up that would last until year's end. They brought the roughest seas and the highest tides. Storms drove huge waves against the rocky shores. It was time for the people of Deer Cove to make snug for winter.

When the Roberts had brought in their last catch of the season, they hauled their boat out of the water. Now they would have time to repair it. The bottom of the boat was covered with seaweed and barnacles. It would have to be scraped clean and painted. Once this was done, the boat was ready to store. It was pulled high up the beach, turned over, and raised on lofts. This would help to protect it until spring returned to the outport.

▶ 1. (a) How did the people in the outports help one another?
(b) What might have happened if a member of this group failed to do a fair share of the work?

▶ 2. You are a member of a family group and a classroom group.
(a) What other groups do you belong to? Make a list of them.
(b) Why do you belong to these groups?
(c) Which groups did you join by choice?
(d) What part do you play in each group? What parts do others play?
(e) Which groups stay the same for a long time?
(f) Which groups change because the members change? Why are there changes in membership?

▶ 3. Many people today have vegetable gardens. What vegetables are grown in your area? Plan your own vegetable garden. Sketch it out on a large sheet of paper. Use a scale of 2 cm on your plan to represent 1 m on the ground. Label your plan to show where each vegetable will be planted.

▶ 4. Tell why you chose the vegetables shown in your plan and why you placed each one where you did. Record the planting date for each.

▶ 5. How will you store your vegetables when you take them out of the ground?

▶ 6. Keep a diary of your evening meals for a week. Where was the food obtained? How many different kinds of vegetables did you eat?

▶ 7. Why did the people of Deer Cove make many of their own clothes? What skills did they need? Illustrate each skill and label each picture.

Winter

When the fishing season was over, there was more time for the affairs of the village. Deer Cove had only a few public places and services. This made them all the more important to the people.

The General Store

Mr. Pope owned the one store in Deer Cove. He carried only what the people needed and what they could afford to buy. The store wasn't fancy but it had a pleasant, warm smell. Large sacks of flour, sugar, and dried beans leaned against the wall. An open barrel of molasses stood nearby. A side of smoked bacon hung behind the counter. Leather straps and pieces of harness were tied to the ceiling. In one corner stood bolts of cloth. Fishing hooks and lines, woollen caps, sea boots, and oilskins were on the shelves. And for people with a sweet tooth, there were tall glass jars of hard candies.

Mr. Pope was always glad when the fishing season ended. All year long he had sold supplies to the villagers on credit. Now it was time for them to pay their bills.

Jim's father and Uncle Bill sold their dried cod to Mr. Pope. Then, with the money he gave them, they paid off the season's fishing costs. The new nets, the boxes of hooks, and the paint all had to be paid for. The money that was left was divided between them.

Next, the Roberts had to settle up the family bills for food and clothing. If there was anything left over after they had paid Mr. Pope they had had a good year.

Shopping by Mail

If it had been a good year there was great excitement. It meant that the Roberts could buy some things from the mail-order catalogues. For weeks, children and adults alike had spent hours reading their catalogues. Even so, it was hard to make a final choice.

The Post Office

A counter in the general store was Deer Cove's post office. Mrs. Pope was the postmistress. Giving the mail order to her wasn't like mailing any letter. Jim remembers that the children would take it to the post office. They watched Mrs. Pope put their order into the mail bag. It would go out on the next boat. Sometimes it was weeks before a boat came in, and months before their parcels arrived.

If anyone wished to send a message to another part of Newfoundland, the post office was the place to go. Mrs. Pope was also the telegraph operator. She sent messages in Morse code to other outports. In return, she found out what was going on in other parts of the island. To Deer Cove, cut off by land and sea, the telegraph meant a lot.

The Popes wrote up all the news in a book. They left it on the counter for everyone to read. During the winter their store was a popular place. People came in to buy supplies and catch up on the news. While they were there they might have a cup of strong black tea. A big copper kettle was always warming on the black wood-burning stove in the middle of the room.

- 1. When things are bought in your home, in what ways are they paid for?
- 2. How would you send a message to a friend who lives far away? What is the fastest way? the slowest? Which way do you think is best? Why?
- 3. How do you find out what is happening in other parts of the world today?

MORSE CODE

The Morse code is still used. Messages in Morse can be sent over the radio or with signal lamps. An operator knows the code and can send messages quickly. A dot (•) is a short sound or flash of light. A dash (-) is a long sound or flash.

A •-	J •- - -	S •••
B -•••	K -•-	T -
C -•-•	L •-••	U ••-
D -••	M - -	V •••-
E •	N -•	W •- -
F ••-•	O - - -	X -••-
G - -•	P •- -•	Y -•- -
H ••••	Q - -•-	Z - -••
I ••	R •-•	
1 •- - - -	5 •••••	9 - - - -•
2 ••- - -	6 -••••	0 - - - - -
3 •••- -	7 - -•••	Period •• •• ••
4 ••••-	8 - - -••	Comma •-•-•-

Write a short message. Rewrite it in the Morse code. Send your message to a friend with signals from a flashlight.

The School

There was only a one-room school in Deer Cove. Jim had been a student there for eleven years. The school nestled beside the church, to which it belonged. The church paid the teacher and saw that the school ran smoothly. Both buildings were painted white. When the sun shone on them, they could be seen by the fishermen far out at sea.

The schoolyard sloped down to the beach. Waves came right up to the edge of the bank behind the cedar rail fence. Jim remembered the baseball games he and his schoolmates used to play. They had to be careful at high tide. It wasn't much fun fishing a home-run ball out of the icy water in early spring. Flying kites had been another favourite pastime. The strong breeze coming off the ocean would lift their paper kites high against the clouds.

Jim could still see the classroom in his mind's eye. At the back there was a big pot-bellied stove. He had helped look after that stove. It had been his job to bring in wood from the pile outside and to keep the fire going.

There hadn't been many books. Most of the work was written on the blackboard. At the end of the day the board would be covered with the teacher's writing. Most of the time was spent on reading, writing, and arithmetic.

Children could stay in the school until the end of grade eleven. Not many did. Most left sooner so that they could work and help out their families.

Sometimes the school didn't open at all. Teachers were very hard to find. Their pay was poor and an outport could be a lonely place to live.

The schoolyard.

▶ 1. (a) What do pupils do to help around your school?
(b) What other help might they give?

▶ 2. Find out about your school.
(a) How many rooms does it have?
(b) How many teachers does it have?
(c) How many visitors usually come in a day?
Record your information on a graph.

MAKE A BOOK OF GAMES

What games do you play in the schoolyard in the fall? in the winter? in the spring?

1. Illustrate and describe the games for each season.
2. Make a booklet of your games to send to another class in a different province or country.

Winter Activities

The villagers needed wood for survival. They used it to heat their homes, to make repairs, and to build new lobster traps. Winter gave them time to cut wood and do all these chores.

Soon after the first snow was on the ground, the men went into the woods behind the village. This was the best time to cut down

trees. The boggy ground was frozen and firm to walk over. The sea ice and the snow made it easy for the horses to drag the logs back to the outport. While they were out in the woods, the men set snares for snowshoe hares.

The fur on these animals turned white during the winter. This made them difficult to see against the snow. Some years, there were many snowshoe hares in the woods. Jim's father would bring back a dozen or more of them for his wife to cook. Other years, they were scarce and he would not catch any.

Wild animals were very important to the villagers. Every fall the men would go out to hunt. If they were lucky they would kill a caribou or a moose. The meat from such a large animal helped to feed several families for weeks.

The snowshoe hare becomes white in the winter. What kinds of camouflage do some other animals have?

What other animals belong to the same family as the moose?

During the long winters everyone in the village had more time for visiting. People often got together with friends for an evening of fun. Stories were told, songs were sung, cards were played, and late suppers were eaten.

- 1. What large animals live in your part of Canada? Which are hunted for food?
- 2. What small animals live in your community? List them under the headings *Wild* and *Tame*.
- 3. When you spend an evening with friends, what do you do? What do the adults you know do? How are your social evenings different from those of the people at Deer Cove years ago?

Change Comes to Deer Cove

Jim Roberts hardly knew Deer Cove when he returned recently for a visit. He moved from Deer Cove several years ago. Newfoundland has changed since 1949. In that year it became a province, and part of Canada. It was felt that the lives of outport families should be made easier. One of the first steps was to join

all of the outports together with a road. For Deer Cove, the road brought changes that have touched the lives of all.

Modern comforts have come. Hydro lines followed the road. Now there are electric lights. Many homes have electric appliances. The old washtub that Jim's mother toiled over is used now for holding bait. The kerosene lanterns are lit only when a storm cuts off the power. Houses are heated by oil. A truck brings it in by road. The men no longer need to spend cold winter days in the bush, hauling wood.

The general store has changed, too. It is brightly lit by fluorescent lights. Lining the walls are glass-fronted refrigerators. They are full of foods the villagers could not buy in the old days. Fresh meat, frozen foods, and dairy products are kept there. But the store isn't a meeting place any more.

The villagers no longer have to rely on the general store. Now they have cars and trucks. They are able to drive to larger stores many kilometres away.

What do you see in this outport that would not have been there in the old days?

The shore crowd has gone, too. The cod don't have to be split and gutted at the water's edge. Any salting and drying that is done today is only for the family table. Every day, now, the catch is sold to the new fish plant. It is loaded right from the boats into a truck. It goes straight to a modern processing plant. Other trucks come from as far away as Prince Edward Island and Nova Scotia to pick up the lobsters that the villagers trap.

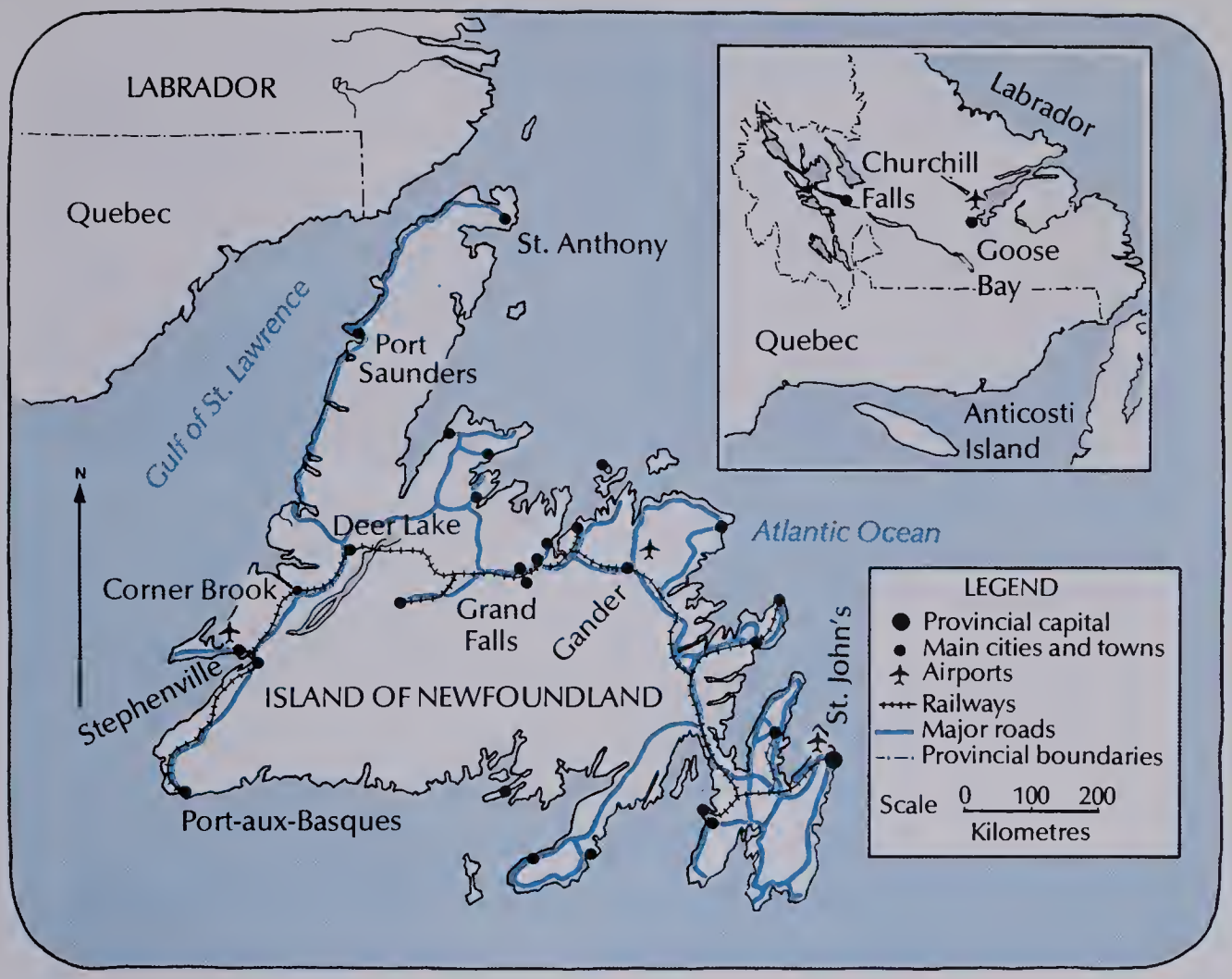
Only 23 km from Deer Cove there is a good hospital. It has a doctor and several well-trained nurses. The hospital serves all the outports along the coast. If there is an emergency at Deer Cove, the patient can be taken to the hospital by car.

Young people, such as Jim Roberts, used to stay in the outports all their lives. The boys became fishermen, just like their fathers. The girls became housewives, with skills their mothers had taught them. Now, young men and women have a choice. It is easy for them to get to the larger towns. There they can work in factories and businesses, or operate their own firms. Many young people have gone. Now there are empty houses in the Newfoundland outports.

Life in the outports will never be the same. It has taken only thirty years for the changes to happen. As one villager says, "We used to depend on ourselves and our neighbours. Now we depend on people we've never seen. If some disaster cut us off from the rest of the world, we'd all be dead in ten weeks. It used to be we could have been cut off for ten years. We would have had a hard time, but we would have made it. Our people have for hundreds of years. We can't do that any more."

The people of Newfoundland's outports are no longer cut off from others.

▶ How would it be possible for the people in Deer Cove to have survived without outside help? Why can't they do it today? How long could you survive if your community was isolated?



▶ 1. Locate the direction arrow on the map. In what direction do you have to travel to get from
   (a) Corner Brook to Churchill Falls?
   (b) St. John's to Gander?
   (c) St. Anthony to Stephenville?

▶ 2. Locate the scale on the map. What is the distance from
   (a) St. John's to Stephenville?
   (b) Grand Falls to Deer Lake?
   (c) Gander to Port-aux-Basques?

▶ 3. Locate the legend on the map.
   (a) What towns or cities have major airports?
   (b) What different means of transportation are used in Newfoundland?
   (c) What is the provincial capital?

PAINT A MURAL

Paint a mural called *Water Transportation*. First, paint a background on the mural paper. Then make boats and ships from coloured paper. Include all the kinds of boats and ships that you would see in a Newfoundland harbour. When they are all finished, glue them on the mural. Label each kind of boat or ship. Tell what service each provides.

USING AN ATLAS

1. Find the map of the Atlantic Provinces.
   (a) What scale is used?
   (b) How far is it from St. John's, Newfoundland to Halifax, Nova Scotia?
2. Find the map of Canada.
   (a) What scale is used?
   (b) How far is it from St. John's, Newfoundland to the Arctic Circle?
   (c) What route would you take to go by water from St. John's, Newfoundland to the capital city of Canada?

The Dogs of Newfoundland

Newfoundlanders are proud of their dogs. Did you know that only two purebred dogs have been bred in Canada? Both the Newfoundland breed and the Labrador retriever were started in Canada. Hardy water dogs, they are famous for their courage.

A Labrador retriever.

In the last century, fierce winter storms drove many ships onto Newfoundland's rocky shores. There the wooden vessels would often break up and sink. Many times, dogs swam out to the sinking boats. They carried life lines from the shore to the passengers and crews. It is believed that these dogs saved more than a thousand lives.

An Amazing Rescue

The best known rescue by a water dog in Newfoundland took place near Isle-aux-Morts in 1828.

One dark July night the passenger brig *Dispatch* ran aground on a reef. It had 163 people on board. The *Dispatch* began to break up in the rough surf. It was about 1.3 km from shore. The crew fired signal rockets into the air. They hoped that someone on shore would see their plight.

One man saw the signals, a fisherman named John Harvey. He put out to sea at once in his small boat. With him were his teenage son and daughter, and his Labrador retriever, Watch.

At a command from his master, Watch plunged over the side into the sea. He fought his way through the angry waters to the sinking ship. There, one of the crew threw a line to the brave dog. Watch grabbed it in his mouth. Turning around, he fought his way back to the small boat.

The Harveys carried their end of the line back to shore. They tied it to a heavier line. The crew then pulled it back to their ship. With this life line, everyone on board the *Dispatch* was saved.

For this heroic rescue, the Harveys and their dog, Watch, were awarded the Royal Humane Society's gold medal.

▶ 1. In what ways have other kinds of dogs helped people in Canada?

▶ 2. What other animals work for people in Canada? What do they do?

The Spanish Treasure Ship

Captain Easton was Newfoundland's most famous pirate. He commanded a whole fleet of sailing ships. At one time, over 1500 Newfoundland sailors served him. At Harbour Grace, on the east coast of Newfoundland, he built a fortress. From there he sailed all over the ocean, hunting for ships.

Once, the pirates were returning home with a Spanish treasure ship. The ship they had captured was called the *San Sebastian.* It was full of gold. Just as the ships turned into the harbour, a fleet of warships sailed out to meet them. They had been waiting to ambush the pirates. It was a trap.

Quickly, and with great skill, Captain Easton made his move. He steered his ship between the *San Sebastian* and the warships. This gave the treasure ship the chance it needed to escape. Very soon, with some daring seamanship, the pirate leader forced the leading warship onto the rocks. There it broke up. The rest of the ships surrendered to the pirates.

What do you think the pirates are saying to one another? Write a short dialogue and share it with your classmates.

People and the Land

4 My Great-grandmother, a Prairie Settler

Great-grandmother.

My great-grandmother was a very brave Canadian pioneer. She wasn't brave in the sense that she might go out to hunt a bear. She was brave in the sense that even when she was afraid, she went on anyway. She fought against the voice inside her that said, "Go back!" And she won, though just barely.

A pioneer goes first. My great-grandmother wasn't the *very* first, but she was one of the first pioneer women to walk in certain places. She was the first to cross certain rivers and not drown. She was one of the first to reach the prairie with her husband, children, chickens, and a cow. And in a very special spot in Sas-

Going west.

katchewan, she was the first to make a home. This was a place where a house had never stood before. Now, thanks to her, it belongs to us, the Harding-Whytes.

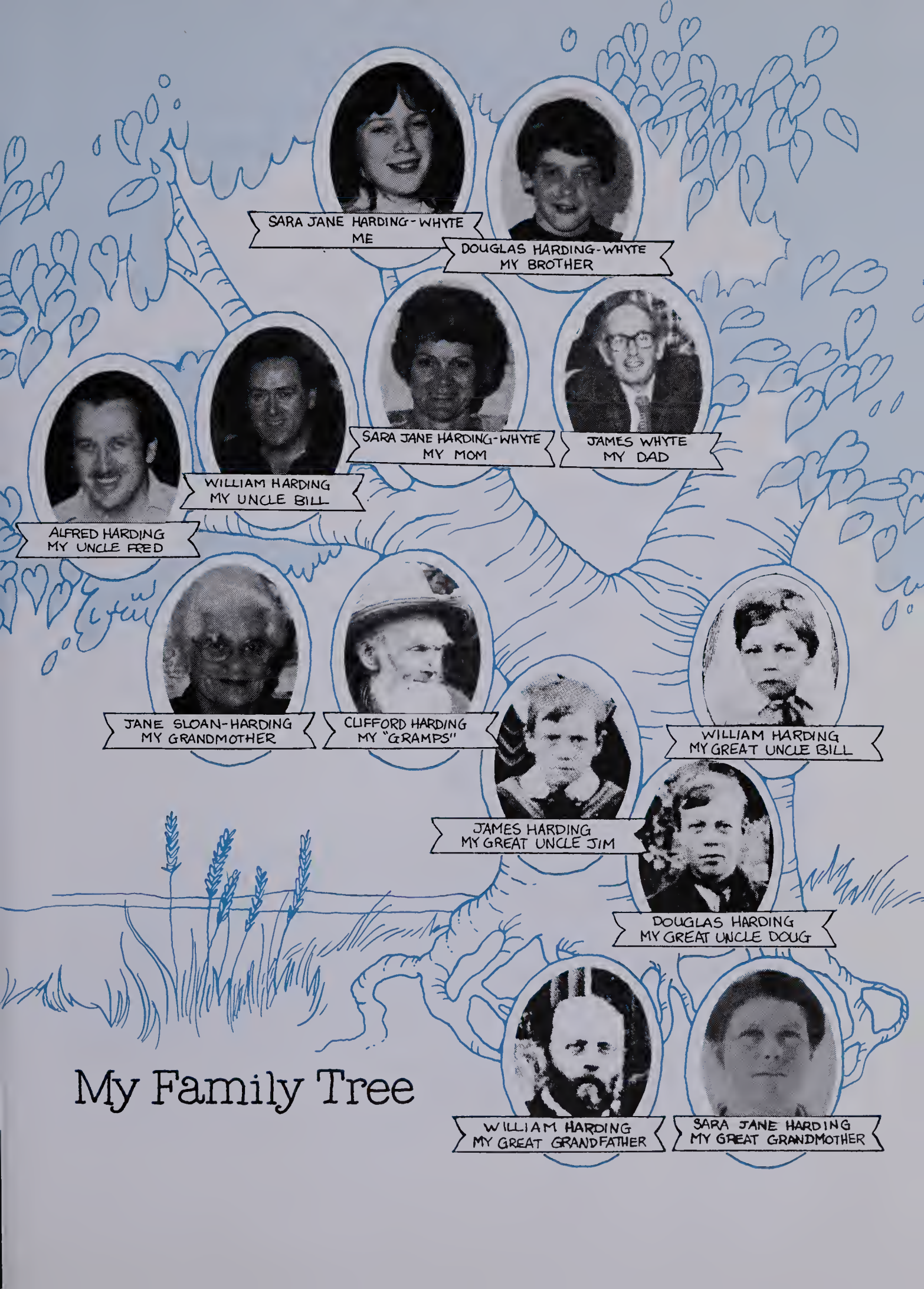
Great-grandmother was brave in other ways, too. Often she was terribly lonely. There were times on the prairies when she would not see another woman for months. Most of the day, and into the evening, my great-grandfather was busy in the fields. There wasn't much time to talk. The hens became her friends.

Great-grandmother was sensible when she had a problem such as this. At the end of the day she kept herself busy mending quilts and rugs. That way, her mind was too full to think about being lonely. The rest of the day, she helped to do everything that had to be done. She built a house, grew food, drove a team and wagon, cooked, spun yarn, and sewed. She knew how to cut wood, be a doctor, tell a story, and be strong and yet gentle. She did all these things, and more. That's what makes me believe that my great-grandmother was a very great person.

Gramps told me something else about my great-grandmother. She loved this land. She loved it from the time she caught sight of the icebergs. Her ship was off the tip of Newfoundland. Great-grandmother exclaimed, "They look like huge, white sentries guarding the entrance to the river!" She felt that she was a Canadian from the moment she landed in this country.

My great-grandparents wanted to be free. They wanted to find some land of their own. I think it must have been crowded where they came from. They had heard about free homesteads from other people who had been to Canada. It wasn't long until they decided to come here.

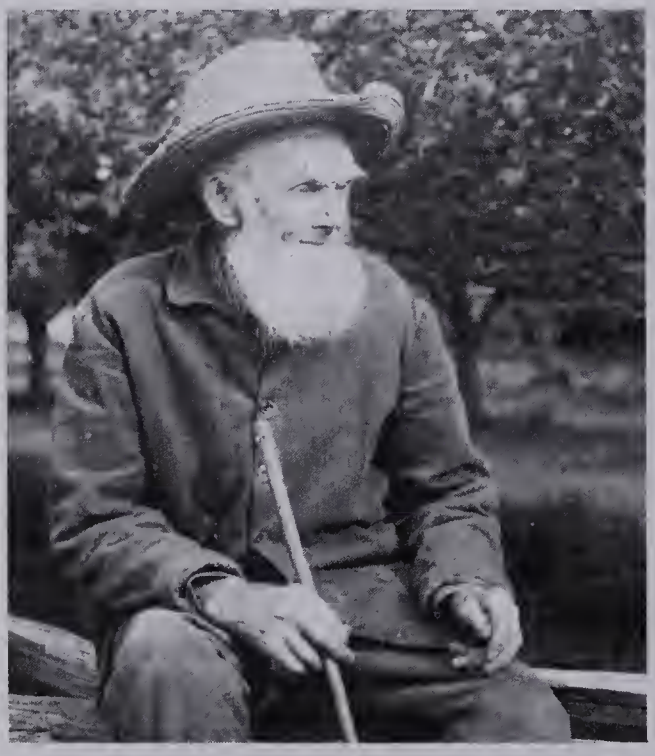
They were thinking about the future, too. They hoped that one day their land would belong to their children, and to their children's children—and so on, down to me. My name is Sara Jane Harding-Whyte.



My Family Tree

Each family in the family tree is called a generation.

- ▶ 1. How many people in the family tree are in the present generation?
- ▶ 2. How many generations of the Harding-Whyte family have lived in Canada?
- ▶ 3. Pick out the characters in the story from the family tree. What are their full names?
- ▶ 4. What do you notice about the names of the women in the Harding-Whyte family?
- ▶ 5. Are any of the people in your family named after other people in your family? Who, for instance? Why?
- ▶ 6. What is the country of origin of each family in your class? Make a class graph. What does the graph tell you?



Gramps

You may wonder how I came to know so much about my great-grandmother. It's because my gramps is a born storyteller. He can take all the everyday things that happen and make them into good stories. They seem far more exciting that way. It's from his stories that I have learned so much about my great-grandmother. After all, she was his mother.

Gramps and I have always shared a kind of secret. It has to do with telling stories. If it's a made-up story, the kind you imagine, you say at the end of it, "That's a real whipper-snapper, isn't it?" We've had this secret from the time I was young. It started with the first stories he told me. A little sparkle would come into his eyes. He would grin and slap his knees hard with his hands. Then he'd say, "That's a real whipper-snapper, isn't it?"

This secret way of knowing a true story from a made-up one had never let me down. But the day Gramps told me about my great-grandmother's house, I wondered.

Great-grandmother's House

Great-grandmother's first house on the prairies was a "soddy". To me it seemed amazing that a house could be built of sod. Did Gramps really mean pieces of soil and grass roots? He did.

The choice of sod made sense, if you thought long enough about it. The prairie pioneers had found their homesteads pancake flat. They had to use what was at hand. Sod was the answer. Sod was everywhere they looked.

A frame was needed for a sod house. Great-grandfather had to go a long way, into the hills, to find the wood for it. He used a team of horses and a stoneboat to haul the logs. He had cut enough poplar trees to form a skeleton. This frame helped to keep the walls straight and firm.

The soddy.

The stoneboat.

Who would believe it would take 4000 sods to build a house? Great-grandfather used his walking-plough to cut them. A sod measured about 6 cm thick. It was 30 cm wide and 60 cm long. These sod strips were piled like bricks, up and up. Each one was set inward, just a bit, to keep the wall from falling over.

Planning a soddy was a bit like planning a tree house. You could place the windows and doors wherever you pleased. Some soddies had no windows. They were as black and dark as burrows

in the ground. Others had one or two small windows. Stretched animal skins or greased paper let some light filter through the windows. Great-grandmother's house had two windows. She was very proud of them.

The roof was made from layers of hay, sod, more hay, and earth. These layers were piled on a row of poles laid over the frame. The roof was a giant sandwich!

Later, Great-grandmother added her own special touch to the soddy. She planted morning glories and nasturtiums here and there in the dirt of the outside walls. In the warm summer days the flowers bloomed. From a distance the house seemed to fade into the prairie itself.

Bad weather was a real problem in a soddy. The settlers used to say that if it rained for one day on the prairies, it would rain for two days in a soddy. Rainy days were spent in the house under homemade umbrellas. Drips splashed into pails and pots. The earthen floor turned into mud.

There were advantages, though. A soddy was warm in the winter, cool in the summer. No other home was quite like it.

Today the sod homes are gone—perhaps forever. "Could anyone build a soddy today, Gramps?" I asked.

"I don't really know if it could be done now," Gramps replied. "The sod back then had been there since the Ice Age ended. It was very, very tough. Millions of tiny roots held the soil together. That sod was as hard and solid as the bricks we use today. Most of it is gone now. In any case, I don't think anyone would want to go back to living in a soddy."

It's fun to think about it, though.

Inside the Soddy

Imagine yourself in a bare, dark, earthen cave. That was what a soddy was like. It took someone with a fine imagination to make it a home. After some time, though, it could be quite comfortable.

Great-grandmother hung felt cloth on the walls. The cloth was supposed to let you forget you were living in a soddy. It hid the rough earthen walls and made the house cosier. Wooden pegs held the cloth tightly against the sod.

Set in the full light of Great-grandmother's larger window was her spinning wheel. When the day's chores were done, she sat there and spun wool into yarn for new cloth. Under her straight ladder-back chair was the yarn basket.

Rugs were badly needed to cover the dirt floor. In the long winter evenings rug-making was a family activity. Scraps from old, worn-out clothes were trimmed and cut into strips. These were saved until there were tidy heaps of them. The children helped, too. The work went more quickly that way. Sometimes one person would read out loud while others cut and snipped and hooked.

To make a rug was a simple matter. Burlap was stretched over a frame that kept the cloth tight. Great-grandfather had made a few wooden hooks to work the wool through the burlap.

Chickens, birds, horses, and dogs were favourite designs for the rugs. Those hooking the wool chose their own cheerful colours to fill the spaces.

The Root Cellar

Great-grandmother had a small room under her soddy. A root cellar was the refrigerator of the prairie home. It was dug into the earth, something like a basement. The earth walls kept food cool in the summer heat. For a good part of the winter they kept the food from freezing, too.

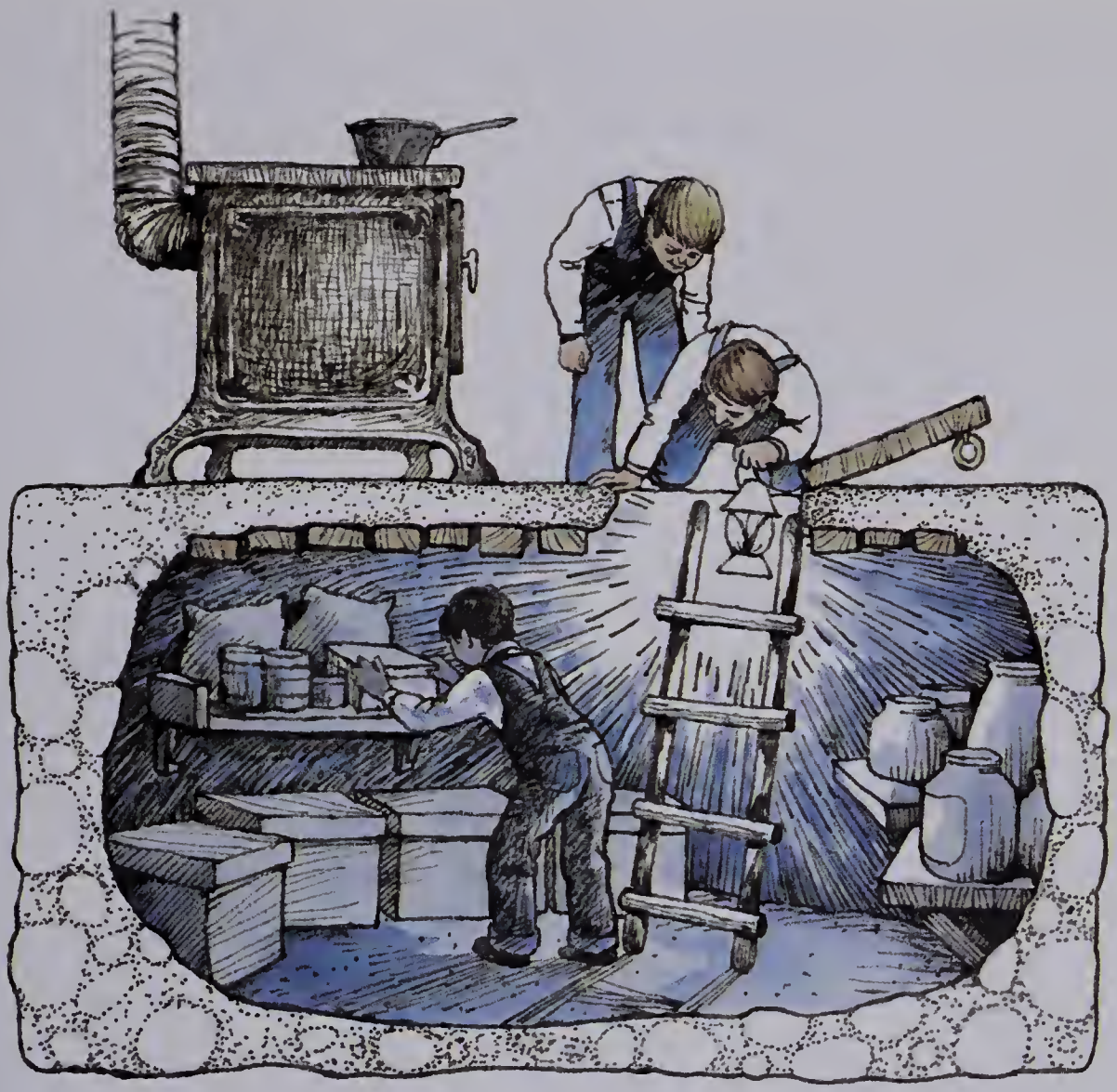
A trap door in the soddy, opened by a large wooden ring, led to the root cellar. Under this trap door, which was right in front of the stove, lived Toor, the root-cellar creature—or so Gramps believed.

Great-grandfather and the children spent many hours making up stories about Toor. These tales were told over and over again. The children laughed and giggled as new bits of horror were added to the old stories.

Poor Gramps, the youngest of the children, listened with wide eyes. He tried not to show his fright. Secretly, though, he hated the thought of going down to the cellar. All of the children had to take turns getting supplies.

A lantern was held through the door to light the way. The older children showed Gramps no pity. They swung the light back and forth, making strange shadow shapes leap along the dark walls. Once, they closed the trap door.

Gramps' fear made him memorize where each thing was kept in the cellar. Along the sides were the four large bins that held potatoes, onions, cabbages, and beets. The beets and cabbages were buried in sand so they wouldn't freeze. Flour and preserves were on the shelf straight ahead. Stone jars on the shelf held pickles and salt pork. Dried corn, apples, and peaches hung in sacks overhead. Dried beef and smoked pork hung from large hooks on the right. No one could fetch more quickly than Gramps!



The Henhouse

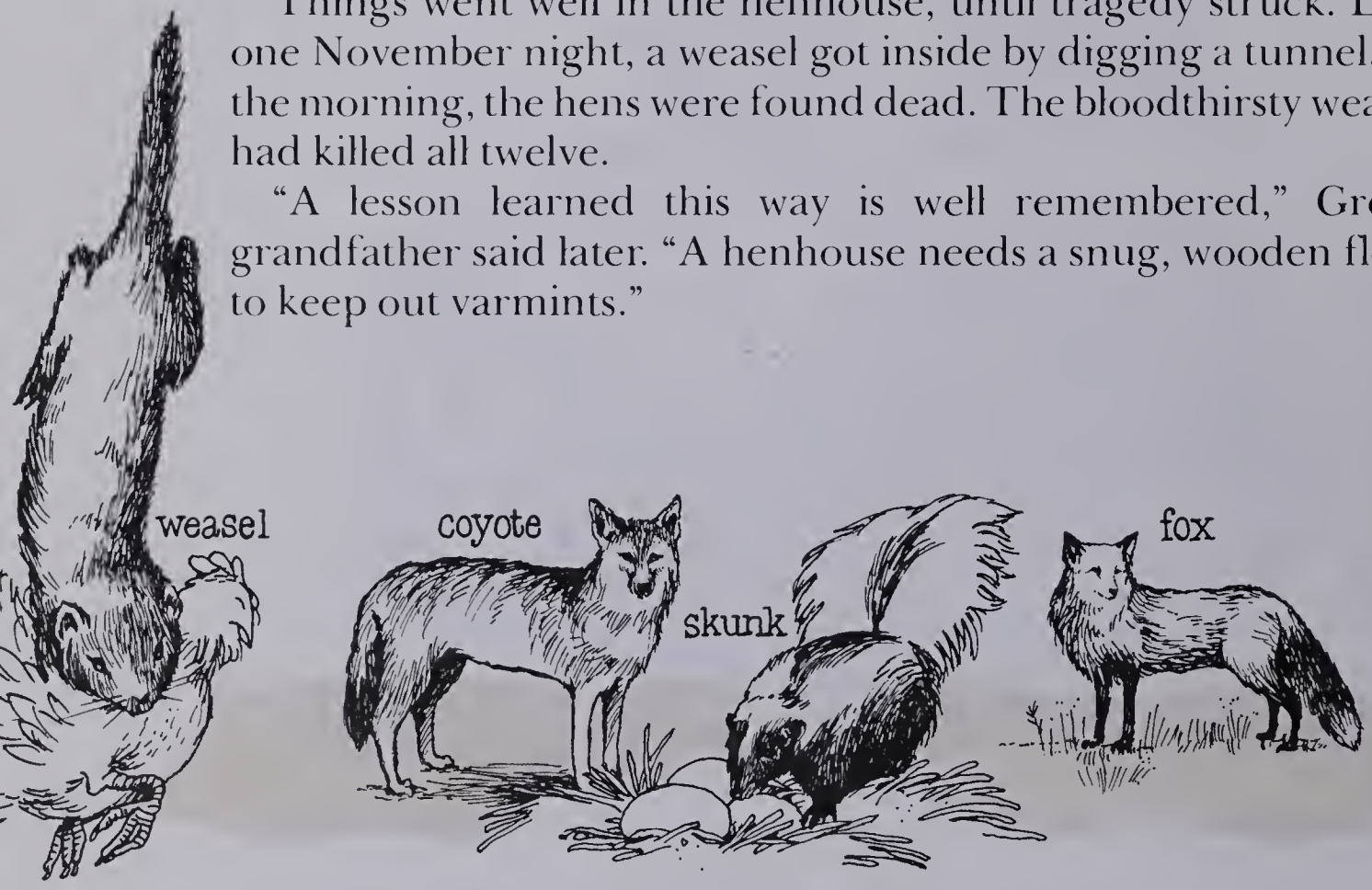
Great-grandmother was proud of her flock of hens. A few of them had survived the long trip from Ontario. The others were their children. Altogether, there were twelve at the time the henhouse was built.

To Great-grandmother, the hens were like friends. She enjoyed their company. Each hen had a personality. One, a red, had a terrible temper. Red would strut about, ruffling her feathers and clucking loudly. Then, without warning, she would fly into a rage. Any hen who caught her eye might be attacked. Loud squawks would be heard everywhere. Red was at it again!

At first the hens had run free, scratching for food. Scratching uncovered insects and insect eggs. Sometimes a little spilled grain made a good meal. When hens run free, though, they often choose strange places to lay their eggs. Gathering the eggs became a guessing game. Also, the cold weather was coming. Soon a henhouse had to be built.

Things went well in the henhouse, until tragedy struck. Late one November night, a weasel got inside by digging a tunnel. In the morning, the hens were found dead. The bloodthirsty weasel had killed all twelve.

"A lesson learned this way is well remembered," Great-grandfather said later. "A henhouse needs a snug, wooden floor to keep out varmints."



Neighbours are a blessing when there's trouble. One of them, Mrs. Repka, heard about the loss of the hens. She organized a hen shower, an unheard-of event. It was held to replace the flock that my great-grandmother had lost.

One hen was brought to the shower by each neighbour. Mrs. Repka brought a black with beady, bright eyes. Other new members of the flock were a bold barred Plymouth Rock and a plain

white hen. The new red, brought by Mrs. McCurdy, had much better manners than the first one.

Great-grandmother cried at the thoughtfulness shown that day. It was only partly because of the new flock that she cried, though. Mostly it was because of relief, knowing that neighbours were near by. She couldn't see their houses. All the same, she knew they were there.

Farm Horses

▶ 1. In what ways were horses used on a prairie farm?

▶ 2. What has replaced horses for these jobs? Which is best? Why?

Weather Wise

Prairie settlers soon became wise in the ways of the weather. Great-grandmother learned to watch the sky carefully. Its colour, the clouds, and the wind told her what to expect. Being able to read weather signs has been passed down through my family. It is part of my inheritance.

Great-grandmother knew that fine weather and enough rain would mean good crops. Good crops would mean enough money to live on. A sudden hailstorm, a late frost, long rains, or a drought could ruin the crops. The hopes and dreams for that year would be ended.

Often the weather caused the family's saddest moments. Many of these moments were lightened, though, by my great-grandmother's courage. She knew how to smile and make the best of things. "Every cloud has a silver lining," she would say.

Once, for example, a heavy August rainstorm suddenly changed to hail. The icy hailstones were as large as sparrows' eggs. They pounded down and lay everywhere.

Great-grandfather returned from the fields after the storm. His shirt was slashed. Small cuts and bruises covered his hands and back. First, he and Great-grandmother made sure that no one was badly hurt. Then they looked out over the fields. The crops lay flattened and the land was running with water. Great-grandmother quickly exclaimed, "Let's gather some of those hailstones in pails. Then we can make some ice cream!"

And that was what they did.

Blizzards

The most dangerous of all storms, to the prairie settler, was the blizzard. In those days there were no roads, telephone poles, or lights by which people could find their way.

Blizzards could come up quickly. Even an expert in weather-reading could be fooled. The settlers did not have radio or telephones. Nor did they have any other fast way to send or receive a warning.

The day could be sunny and cool when it began. The children would leave for school right after their chores. For most prairie children it was a long way to the schoolhouse. They rode there on stoneboats, wagons, or ponies, or they walked.

Later in the day a snowstorm might begin. By the time school was let out, it could be a blizzard.

Great-grandmother's life was saved by a quilt in one such blizzard. At 6:00 p.m. the snow was falling thick and fast. The children had not returned from school. Great-grandmother walked from one window to the other. She was watching for the horses bringing the children home.

Finally, her worry won over her good sense. She started out for the schoolhouse, three kilometres down the road. As the children had taken the horses, she had to walk. She was dressed

warmly and she took with her a quilt. She would wrap the children in it on the return trip.

The blowing snow made it almost impossible to see. Her eyelashes kept freezing together. Each step became harder as the snow blew into deep drifts. To find her way, she followed the fence line. She knew the fence was close to the edge of the road. It ran almost all the way to the schoolhouse. She hoped she would be able to see the school from the end of the fence.

The journey seemed to take hours, but at last Great-grandmother arrived at the school. It was empty. On the teacher's desk was a note: "Everyone safe for the night at the Pitsulas' farm."

Great-grandmother started the stove to get warm. She dried her clothes in front of the fire. She had little choice, then, but to walk home again. She put out the fire, wrapped herself in the quilt she had brought, and started out.

Great-grandfather hugged her close when she came in. He had been angry at her for leaving on her own while he had been in the barn. Then he had felt frightened. They both agreed that the quilt had probably saved her life.

▶ Great-grandmother was weather wise.
(a) How did weather affect her life?
(b) Tell about an experience you have had with "the worst weather" or "the best weather".

Picnics

As the prairie community grew, neighbours got together to have a good time. Picnics, dances, or box socials were planned far ahead. I'm sure this was because part of the fun was looking forward to such an event. Each day, while people were doing chores, they could imagine what it would be like.

A picnic in those days was a big get-together. Every family in the district would come. There was a community spirit. Each person had something to do. People seemed to enjoy themselves more when they shared the work. They also shared the success.

Someone would bring ice that had been cut from the slough in the winter. It was kept in a dugout, wrapped in sawdust or straw. Without it, there would be no ice cream! Each family brought an ice-cream freezer. What a sight it must have been to see all the freezers gathered together under the trees.

It took two people to work each machine. One added the cream and one cranked the handle. At first it was easy. Then the cream began to thicken. The handle became hard to turn and the partners had to change places often.

No picnic was complete without races. There was the three-legged race, the sack race, the wheelbarrow race, the boot-and-shoe race, and the egg-and-spoon, or potato, race. Gramps tried them all.

The day usually ended with a district baseball game. The players used a slat from a barrel as a bat, and a homemade ball. Seats from the wagons were set out for the spectators.

As dusk fell over the prairie, the sounds of wagons rolling home filled the air.

My Own Inheritance

To inherit something means to have it given to you simply because you are you. This is the best part. It may be something that has been in your family for a long time, but it doesn't have to be. Once in a while, someone will give you something just because they like you.

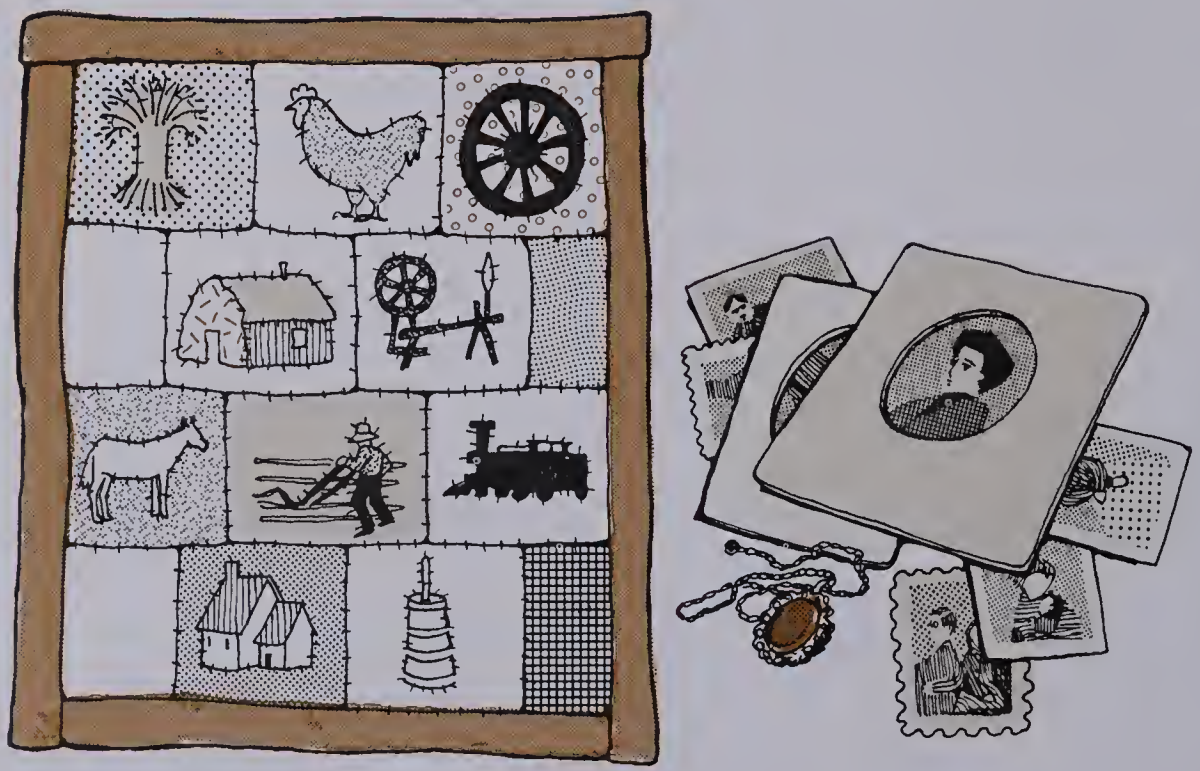
Last year, that happened to me. Our old neighbour, Mr. Warren, gave me six little glass hens sitting on baskets. Sometimes I would go down the street to visit him. We would chat and he would make tea. On one of my visits, he gave me the hens. He said that they had belonged to his wife before she died. He wanted me to have them because he thought I would care for them the way she did. And I do.

There are a few special things that my great-grandmother left me. The most precious of these is her quilt. I think the reason I love the quilt so much is that it tells her story. The pictures are

alive for me, because I know their stories. There is Red, the hen; the soddy; the spinning wheel; and, of course, Great-grandfather, ploughing.

The quilt wasn't all I inherited from Great-grandmother. A very special part of me—my name—comes from her. My name is Sara Jane and so was hers.

Gramps says he and Grandma named my mother Sara Jane so that Great-grandmother would be remembered a little longer. For the same reason, my parents called me Sara Jane. But my mother says it was also because she knew I would be as fine a person as my great-grandmother was.



What do the pictures on this quilt represent?

My great-grandmother, Sara Jane.

Me, Sara Jane Harding-Whyte.

▶ 1. (a) What are some of the differences between the way we live today and the way Sara Jane's great-grandmother lived?
(b) In what ways is your life much the same as Gramps' when he was young?
(c) In what ways is your life quite different from his?

▶ 2. Was life better in the old days or is it better now? Say what you think and explain why you think as you do.

▶ 3. Not everyone has living grandparents or great-grandparents. But most young people know someone old enough to be a grandparent.
(a) Describe one of your grandparents or someone who is old enough to be a grandparent.
(b) Where did this person first live? Describe the kind of home the person lived in.
(c) What stories can this person tell you about his or her childhood?
(d) What are your feelings about old people in your family or in your neighbourhood?

MATCH-UP

Match each word on the left with its correct meaning.

stoneboat	a thick cloth made by pressing hair or wool together
Ice Age	a strong chemical used in soap-making
felt cloth	usually a small cave dug into a hill
drought	a platform on runners, dragged by a horse or ox, for carrying stones and logs
burlap	a long period without rain
dugout	a time when North America was covered in ice and snow
lye	a rough cloth used for making sacks

▶ 1. (a) What does it mean to be brave? Think of someone you know who has done something brave.
(b) Look in the newspaper for stories about people being brave.
- Choose two stories.
- Tell what people did that showed they were brave.
- Explain why you think they were brave.
- Compare Great-grandmother's bravery with the bravery of the person you know or the people in your stories.
- Share your ideas with your classmates.

▶ 2. (a) When have you ever felt lonely?
(b) What can you do to fight off loneliness?
(c) How can you help someone who is lonely?

▶ 3. When Gramps was happy, he had a sparkle in his eyes. How else do people show that they are happy by the way they look? How do they show happiness by the way they act? speak? walk? dress?

MAPPING THE WAY

Make a map of your own from the map of Canada on page 68. Give it a title and include a legend. Don't forget to show *North*.

1. Mark the spot where you think Great-grandmother saw the icebergs.
2. Draw the route that Great-grandmother and her family might have taken to Saskatchewan.
   (a) In what direction did they travel?
   (b) What provinces did they pass through?

▶ 1. What different types of transportation might Great-grandmother and her family have used on their journey?

▶ 2. What types of transportation might someone use who is travelling the same route today?

▶ 3. Imagine that you have two children, six chickens, a cow, and a wagon. You come to a deep, wide river. How will you get everything across safely?

TOOR, THE ROOT-CELLAR CREATURE

Sit in a circle with three classmates. Take turns.

1. (a) Think of words to describe each part of Toor's face. You might use words such as *long, wrinkled, green, diamond-shaped*.
   (b) Write your words.
2. Think of other words to describe the other parts of Toor. Write these words, too.
3. Now that you know what the creature looks like, paint a picture of it.
4. Use plasticine to make a model of Toor.

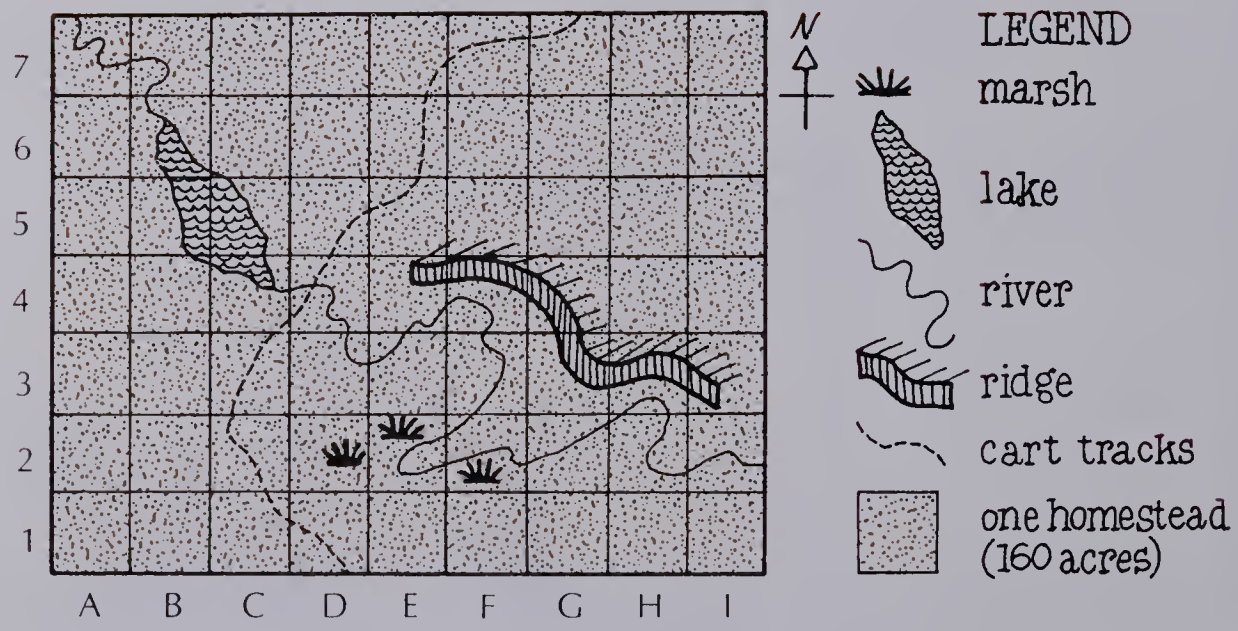
MAKE UP A WHIPPER-SNAPPER

Remember: A whipper-snapper is a story that is invented.
Work with two or three other people. Use a tape recorder to record your ideas. Make up a story from the ideas.

1. Decide what Toor will do to scare Gramps: *What? Where? When? How?*
2. Add some bits of *horror* to your story.
3. Retell the story on tape until it flows smoothly.
4. Act out your story for the class.

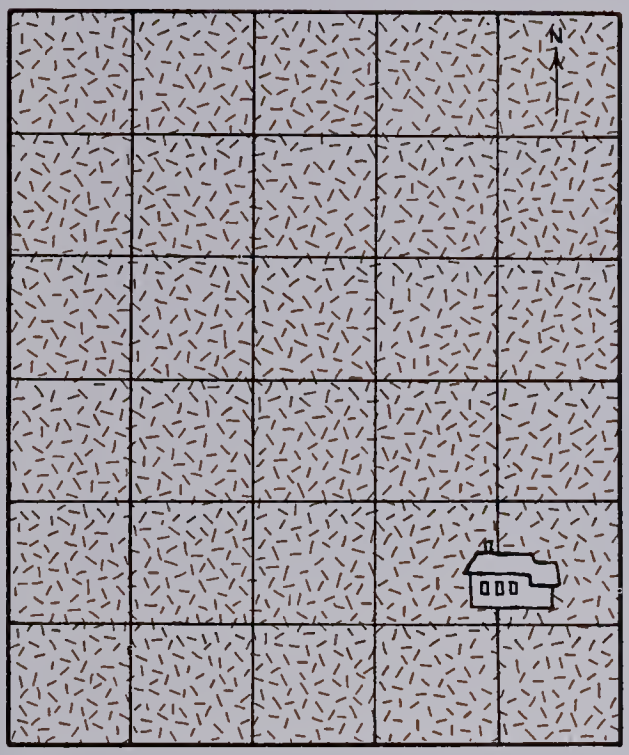
CHOOSING YOUR HOMESTEAD

1. If you were the first pioneer to arrive in this part of the country, which homestead would you choose? Why?
2. Which homesteads would you not choose? Why?
3. What homesteads are south of the marsh?
4. What homesteads does the ridge cut through?
5. What homesteads are partly covered by a lake?



GRAMPS' TREASURES

When Gramps was a boy he often found "treasures" on his way home from school. On your own paper, draw a map to show Gramps' route.



1. Gramps was riding north from the school.
2. He crossed a creek running east. (Draw the creek.)
3. North of the creek he found some berries. (Draw a symbol for berry bushes.)
4. He rode west to a pond where he found a frog. (Show the pond and mark the spot where he found the frog.)
5. He continued north from the pond until he could see his house. (Mark his house. It is in the northwest corner of your map.)
6. Gramps rode east to the marsh where he found some birds' eggs. (Draw the marsh and mark where he found the eggs.)
7. Gramps took his treasures home.
8. Make a legend for your map.

Compare your map with that of the person beside you. Check it.

5 Letters to France

Gabriel Marchand gazed at the coast of France. He watched it disappear below the horizon.

"Well," he said to himself, "I wonder if I'll ever see home again." He turned and walked to the bow of the sailing ship. Ahead of him, across the Atlantic, lay New France.

Gabriel was a *donné.* The word means "given" in French. He had been given by his parents into the care of the Society of Jesus. It was a common custom in France at one time.

The priests of the Society were called Jesuits. The *donnés,* young men such as Gabriel, gave the fathers a lifetime of service. They served in many ways. Some were carpenters or cooks. Some worked as blacksmiths, masons, or farmers. In return, the priests looked after the *donnés,* even into their old age.

The Jesuits built churches and schools in France. They also started missions in many parts of the world. From these missions

Gabriel's journey from Quebec.

they spread the teachings of their church.

Gabriel was on his way to join a mission. Father Joseph, the priest whom Gabriel served, was taking him there. The mission was called Ste.-Marie. It lay in the land of the Ouendat people. The French called them the Hurons.

Ste.-Marie was in Canada. It lay far inland, in wilderness country. At first, life there was hard for the priests and *donnés*. They had to learn how to survive. The Hurons showed them what plants could be eaten and where to hunt and fish. The French lived with the Hurons in their villages. They saw that every man, woman, and child had a part to play. In the mission, the French did the same. Each man used his special skills to make the mission grow.

Today, we know where the mission was and what it looked like. We know about the people who lived and worked there, too. Some of them kept records of what they did and how they felt. They also wrote letters, like these that Gabriel wrote to his family.

The wall around the mission is called a palisade. How do you think the palisade was made?

Summer

July 10, 1643

Chère famille:

At last we have arrived! The voyage from France seems a dim memory now. I remember being seasick at first. I was supposed to be looking after Father Joseph. Instead, he ended up looking after me. Of course, I am lonely and miss you all, but there has been much to do and see.

We had hardly stepped on dry land at Quebec before we were off on the water again. I had to learn how to handle a paddle. No one just sits in a canoe. Everyone works. There were blisters on my hands after only the first day.

At first, the men made fun of me, but not any more. By the time we reached our journey's end, I could keep up with the best of them.

We travelled with a party of fur traders and Hurons. I lost count of the days and the names of the lakes and rivers we paddled through. In all, it took about four weeks to get here—the mission at Ste.-Marie.

Twice, since I last saw you, I have come close to death*! The first time was soon after we left Quebec. We were shooting some rapids in the river. Our canoe tipped. As the water swirled around my head, I could not get my breath. I felt myself drowning. Then Father Joseph grabbed me by the hair. He kept my head clear of the water till we reached shore. The water was so cold my skin turned blue. I shivered without stopping for hours afterward.*

The second time was right here at the mission. Father Joseph and the fur traders took the canoes through the locks to unload inside the walls of the mission. The rest of us came ashore on the rocks.

As I made my way through the bush, I heard a rattling sound. One of the men yelled "Arrête!" but it was too late. A snake lay coiled in the middle of the path. Before I could get away, it struck at my leg. I felt it bite, just above my ankle. The man who had shouted was the first to move. He cut my wound with a knife and sucked out much of the poison. It all happened so quickly that I didn't have time to feel scared.

I was very sick for several days. For a while, Father Joseph wondered whether I would live. He doesn't know much about snake bites, but he got

help from the Hurons. Their healers are called "shamans". One of them sent herbs to fight the poison in my blood.

I tried not to think of death. I am afraid of dying here, alone in a strange place.

Our settlement at Ste.-Marie looks like an island in an ocean of trees. Four other boys about my age share the work. We serve in the chapel and in the buildings where the fathers live.

We are to leave Ste.-Marie soon. Father Joseph is taking me with him to a village of the Hurons. He wants to learn their language and their customs. If we can learn from them, perhaps they will learn from us.

I will write from time to time, just as often as one of the fathers is able to carry my letter back to France.

Your loving son,
Gabriel

▶ 1. How would you feel about leaving your home as Gabriel did?

▶ 2. Gabriel had two narrow escapes from death.
(a) What other dangers did he face in the wilderness?
(b) What dangers might Gabriel face in your part of Canada today?

SNAKES IN CANADA

1. In your library, find out about a snake that is found in your area of Canada.
2. Make a plasticine model of your snake for a class display. Use tempera paints to show its colours.
3. Write a display card to label your snake. Include details such as its size, what it eats, and where it lives.

Fall

September 23, 1643

Chère famille:

Just as I was becoming used to the life at the mission, we left Ste.-Marie. The day before yesterday, two Hurons arrived to guide us to their village. One isn't much older than I am. His name is Tehareholen. I call him Tehare, as it's easier to say. He hasn't spoken a word yet, but I think we are going to be friends. When I catch his eye, he grins. The other guide was Tehare's father.

We started for the village at dawn. I had no idea what kind of journey it would be. Tehare and his father set out at a quick pace. They loped along through the woods silently. They seemed to move without effort. I was out of breath after an hour. A pain grew in my side. From time to time I had to run to keep up.

By noon I was falling farther and farther behind. Tehare dropped back to keep me on the trail. A rest, at last! But we only stopped long enough for a quick meal of dried fish and corn bread. I hoped that the food at the village would be better.

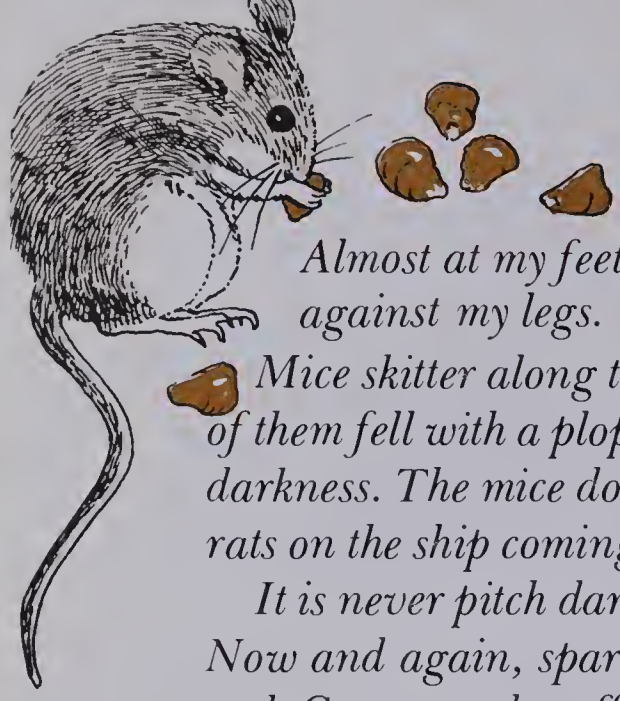
Just after dark, our journey ended. I couldn't believe I'd made it!

I felt rested after a good night's sleep. I remembered coming into the village through a narrow entrance. In the morning I took a look at it. The village is surrounded by a wall of poles driven into the ground. A narrow platform runs all the way around, inside. In case of attack, the Hurons can mount the platform and fire arrows down between the poles.

The Hurons have enemies just as we do. Iroquois war parties paddle up from the great lakes to the south. They raid Huron villages for furs. Luckily, this village lies inland. It hasn't been raided yet. The first night here, I slept so well not even a war cry would have wakened me.

There are thirty people living in this longhouse. Each family sleeps in a small group. Tehare is on one side of me and Father Joseph on the other. I am used to Father Joseph's loud snore, but not to a whole chorus. Unless I'm tired, it will be hard to sleep.

I lay under my thick bear-fur robe last night, and listened. A girl shouted in her sleep. A baby cried until the mother's voice settled it down.



Almost at my feet a dog yawned noisily. It scratched and flopped against my legs.

Mice skitter along the poles that curve into the roof over my head. One of them fell with a plop and a squeak onto my chest. It scurried off into the darkness. The mice don't bother me. They seem harmless, compared to the rats on the ship coming from France!

It is never pitch dark in the longhouse. Fires flame and glow all night. Now and again, sparks fly. Shadows dance on the bark walls at the far end. Grunts and muffled voices rise above the snores around me. A few of the braves gamble far into the night. They play the stone game.

The smoke in the longhouse is a problem—for me, anyway. There are no chimneys. My eyes water. No one complains, so I put up with it like everyone else. When the fires die down, the air clears. The smoke runs out through holes in the roof. I can see the stars when I peek out from under my warm fur cover.

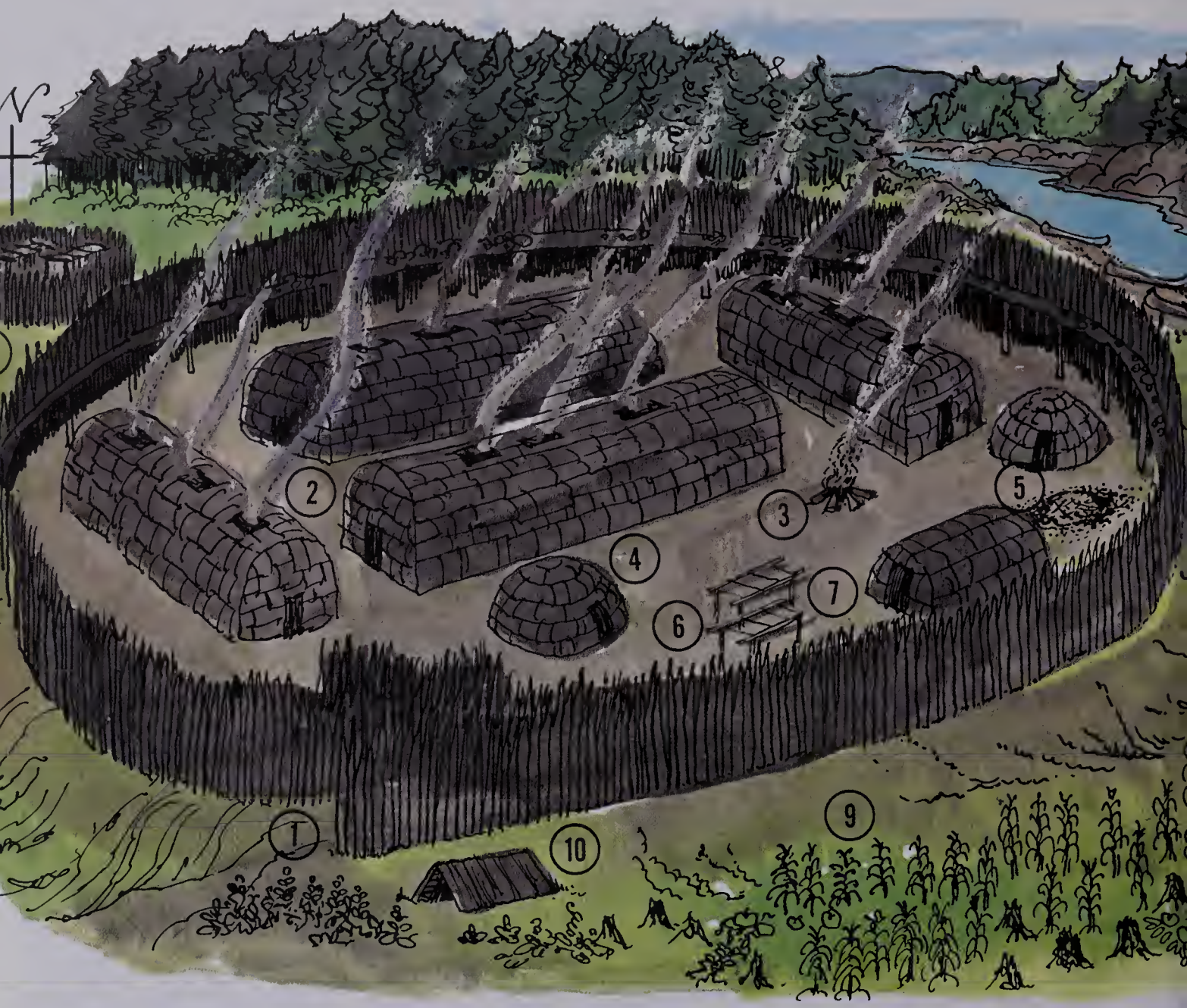
Village entrance.

Palisade.

I watched Tehare's mother cook the corn cakes and fish soup this morning. She cooked the dried corn a little, first. Then she crushed it, using a wooden grinder in a piece of hollow log. This made a kind of flour. She mixed it with water and wrapped little cakes of dough in corn leaves. The cakes cooked slowly in the ashes around the fire.

Several families in the longhouse shared the meal. There was enough even for Tehare and me. My teeth crunched on bits of stone and ash, but I was too hungry to care.

Inside the longhouse.



Clay pots can't be heated over a hot flame the way iron pots can. Soup has to be cooked by dropping hot stones into it. Chips and flakes always fly off the hot stones. Most of them seem to end up in my share of the soup! No gift could please Tehare's mother more than one of the iron pots from Ste.-Marie.

I'm going fishing with Tehare and the men of the village. Father Joseph has given me a few days off. I'll write more when I get back.

Your loving son,
Gabriel

▶ 1. Locate the following places on the drawing.

1 Entrance to the village
2 Longhouses
3 Central fire
4 Sweat lodge
5 Garbage pits
6 Drying racks
7 Council house
8 Burial racks
9 Garden
10 Maple sugar works

▶ 2. Use the legend in the first question to help you identify the pictures below. Describe each picture and say what it is.

▶ 3. How many people lived in this village? What information in the story will help you make an estimate?

▶ 4. How is the palisade at the village the same as the palisade at the mission? How is it different?

▶ 5. What differences can you see between the buildings in the village and the buildings in the mission? Why are there differences?

①

②

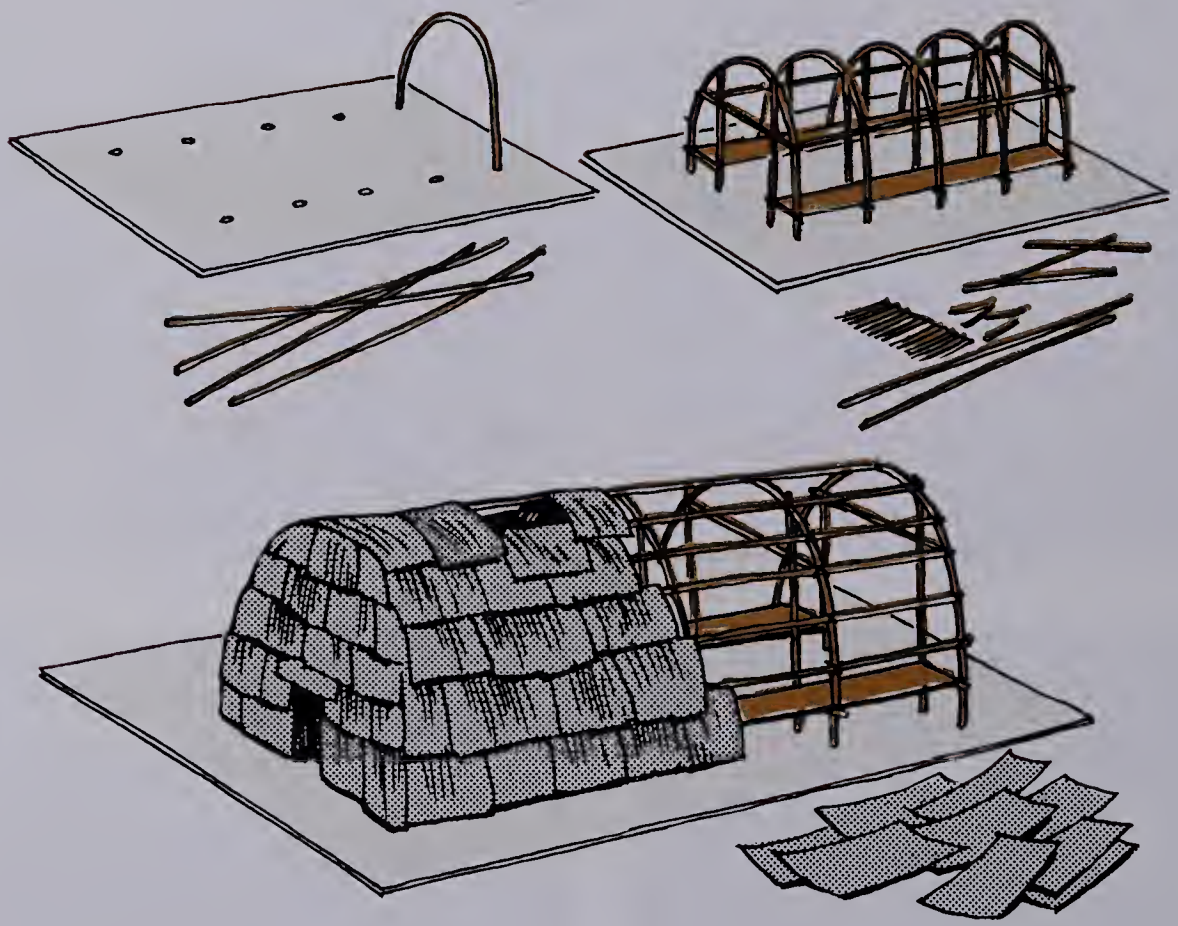
③

④

MAKE A LONGHOUSE

Make your own model of a longhouse. Use the pictures in this book to help you.

1. A stiff piece of cardboard makes a good base. Punch holes for the curved frames.
2. Bend pipe cleaners, wire, plastic straws, or twigs so that each end fits into a hole in the cardboard.
3. Now add the supports. Include the sleeping platforms. Tie your supports with string or use the little wire ties that come with plastic bags.
4. Cover your frame with strips of bark or paper. Secure the strips with tape or glue. Leave roof holes for smoke. Remember to leave an entrance at each end.
5. Add as much detail as you can.



The Fishing Trip

October 12, 1643

Chère famille:

A fishing trip is a more serious matter than I had thought. The whole village helped us get ready. Everyone looked forward to a good catch. The villagers knew that a good catch would help feed them during the long winter.

Before we started out, the elders visited the shaman. His job is to ask the okis, *or spirits, to bring fine weather and plenty of fish. Tehare tells me that the best time to catch fish is in the fall. Whitefish, sturgeon, pike, and trout have come in to the shallow water then.*

When the shaman returned to his hut, it was a sign. We could begin. Tehare and I loaded the canoes with nets made of hemp. Traps, stone axes, drills, knives, and skins went in next. We would need them for camping out. We had to remember to leave room for the fish we were going to catch!

Long before sunrise next day, we set out with five canoes. We paddled north up the river till we reached open water. Then we followed the shoreline, with the sun behind us. Before long, Tehare pointed ahead. "The fishing island," he said.

We built a lodge on the island in the Algonquin style. Tehare explained that it's quick and easy to build. The Hurons use it mainly for hunting and fishing. Tehare and I cut elm bark to lace between the posts. The bark was hard to pry loose. We tugged and tugged at it. Before we were through, my hands were bleeding.

Other fishing parties came soon after us. They set up huts nearby. Each year the men from many villages come to this same place. Tehare says that here the fish come right out of the water when you talk to them!

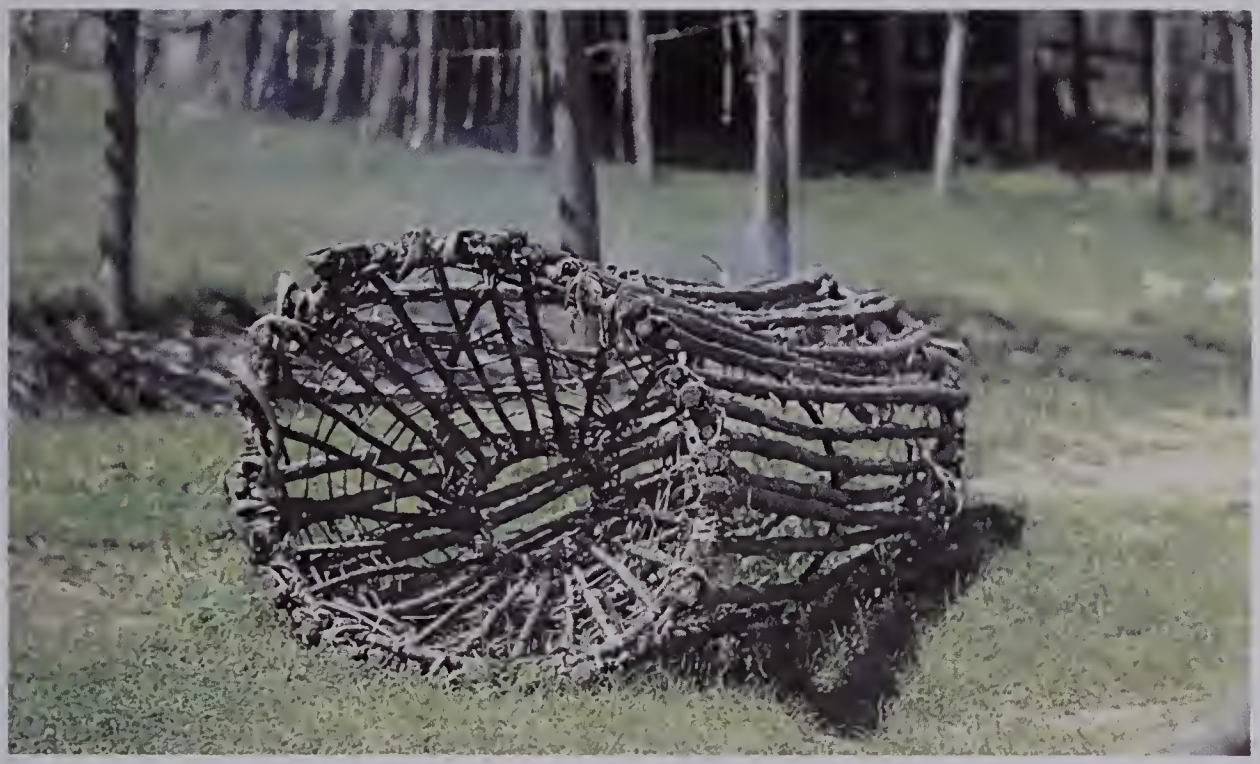
Every evening we carried the nets and traps out to the shallows. Stone weights hold the bottom of the net on the bed of the lake. Pieces of driftwood keep the top edge floating.

Tehare knew the best places to set the nets. What a catch we had! When we drew the nets in at daybreak we had whitefish, trout, and sturgeon by the hundreds.

There's so much to do on a fishing trip. It was an endless job gathering firewood and fetching water. And gutting fish! My hand is still bandaged where I cut myself. We had cleaned so many I wasn't watching what I was doing.

Algonquin fishing hut.

Fish being smoked.



Fish trap.

After the fish are cleaned, they are laid out in the sun on huge drying racks.

We couldn't count on the sun every day. It rained often and then we had to build shelters. The smoke from our fires, trapped inside, dried and flavoured the fish. Tehare and I had to go farther and farther to find firewood.

It wasn't all work. When the fishing was good, we had a feast. Fishermen from other villages joined us from time to time. They always brought gifts of fish with them.

The first time I threw my fish bones into the fire, Tehare's grandfather scolded me. Then he explained. By burning the fish bones I might have spoiled the fishing. The spirit of the fish whose bones were burnt would warn the other fish. Then they would not allow themselves to be caught.

The Hurons have a reason for everything they do. Each of them works hard to live each day. I've learned much, but there is always more.

Your loving son,
Gabriel

BE A FILM PRODUCER

Make a filmstrip to tell the story of Gabriel's and Tehare's fishing trip.

1. Cut clear plastic strips about 50 cm long and 15 cm wide.
2. Plan your filmstrip. Decide how many pictures you need. Leave room for captions.
3. Sketch your pictures and write your captions with felt-tip markers.
4. Tape your filmstrips to the windows in your classroom so that the light shines through them.

Winter

December 5, 1643

Chère famille:
It is hard to send out letters in the winter. I'll add to this one from time to time and send it in the spring. I miss you all, especially with Christmas coming.

It's so cold here! I feel as if I'll never be warm again. I wish I had a fur cape such as the ones Tehare wears. The one I like best is made of bearskin. It must be warm. He also wears fringed leggings of soft deerskin decorated with shells. Designs are sewn down the front. High winter moccasins cover his feet and calves. My outfit is not as comfortable nor as smart.

Not all of the Hurons are dressed this well. Making clothes out of skins takes great skill. Tehare's mother and grandmother are very good at it. I'm

sure Tehare doesn't know that the French word, huron, *means rough or wild. My friends don't call themselves Huron, anyway. They call themselves the Ouendat, "the people of the land surrounded by water".*

This morning, early, Tehare and I were out checking rabbit snares. The snow was deep and powdery. It was so cold the snow squeaked and crunched under our snowshoes.

I've practised with snowshoes around the village, but it wasn't the same on the trail. For one thing, Tehare moves quickly. Also, we had to weave in and out of the trees. I fell flat on my face time after time. You wouldn't believe how hard it is to get up again. The only way, in deep snow, is to get your snowshoes under you. Once, when I seemed to be digging myself into a hole, Tehare came back to give me a hand. He didn't say anything—just laughed.

I can't sleep in as I did sometimes at Ste.-Marie. In a longhouse, mornings start with a bang or a bark or a baby howling. Smells of cooking soon

fill the air. Women work at braiding new sleeping mats or shaping new cooking pots from clay. Some young girls twist hemp to make into cords. Others pound corn. The corn meal they make is used for trading. It's also a handy food to carry on hunting and fishing trips.

February 19, 1644

I want to tell you about someone who means much to me. Among the old ones of the longhouse, Tehare's grandfather is special. He is a tall, strong man. Age has not bent his shoulders or his back. His white hair flows to his shoulders. His calm, gentle face is deeply wrinkled and dried by the sun. Around his head is a beaded band of autumn colours. On it are the symbols of the Bear clan. A feather tied with a leather thong falls from the right side. Only his eyes are weak. They are worn from many years of living in the smoky longhouse.

Grand-père's wisdom is called on many times each day. He advises the group of youths who work together making a birch-bark canoe or lashing snowshoes. His fingers swiftly adjust some lashing. "It must be strong and tight," he says.

He speaks often with the stone-cutters as they shape new tools and weapons. Each stone must be carefully chipped and the edges ground razor sharp. Many of these tools will be used for scraping skins, or cutting.

He shows how the precious "chert", or flint, is fitted to the bow drill. Only a small amount can be used, because it is scarce. The traders demanded a large amount of corn for it.

In the evenings the old man often shares the beliefs of his people with the young and old of the longhouse. His words take the form of stories. He is telling a story now, and the people are laughing. I'm going to join the crowd. I shall write again.

Your loving son,
Gabriel

MAKE A HURON POT

Use clay to make a model cooking pot.

1. Knead the clay.
2. Pound out the air bubbles.
3. Roll out the clay into coils.
4. Use the coils to build your pot.
5. Decorate the surface of the pot while it is still moist. (Use something sharp.)
6. Let the pot dry. Fire the pot in a kiln.

Spring

May 15, 1644

Chère famille:

Grand-père says that spring is a good time for beginnings. It's a time for new growth and for renewing the old. Every day now the geese return from the south to build their nests.

The first activities of this new season belong to the women and children. They collect firewood for the next winter when it is dry and baked by the sun.

Tehare and I spent some mornings helping his grandmother choose the corn for planting. This is easy work, but important. It is left to experienced eyes. Each kernel chosen must be large and firm.

The cornfields were then prepared for planting. All weeds and growth were cleared. We used rough wooden hoes and digging tools to turn over the earth. The area was large. We spent many days digging and raking before the fields were ready to be planted.

This year a new field will be cleared by the men. Trees that can be used for building are cut off at ground level. Others are cut off at the height of a man. The branches are laid at the bases of the stumps and both are burned. This lets full sunlight reach the new plants.

Planting corn.

This morning we returned from the river breathless. As we carried our bark water pails from the shore, we thought we saw shadows in the underbrush. They seemed to run from tree to tree. Our minds raced ahead. Perhaps it was an Iroquois raiding party. We ran!

At this time of year the ice has left the rivers. Small Iroquois parties could come upon us working in the fields or woods. Many Hurons are taken as slaves each year.

We found the village deserted. No one appeared behind us. Our imagination had played a trick on us. A quiet hum of activity sounded from outside the palisade.

The women and children were outside the walls preparing the corn hills. Into each hole three kernels were dropped. The kernels chosen for planting were first soaked in moist bark. This helps to start the seeds growing. The fields are planted as far as the eye can see. I have heard that a person can get lost when the corn grows tall!

Our task today was for clever minds. We were to build a scarecrow to keep away the squirrels and crows. Raccoons raid the fields at night when the husks of corn are ripening. We take turns. We are better scarecrows than the ones we make.

Your loving son,
Gabriel

Father Joseph.

June 18, 1644

Chère famille Marchand:
Your son Gabriel has asked me to write to you, as he cannot do so himself. It is with great relief that I am able to tell you that Gabriel is now recovering from an illness of almost a month. His fever has gone, with the help of Huron medicine and our prayers. Two other lads, alas, were not so fortunate. I know that you will share our sorrow for them.

Gabriel is indeed a faithful servant to me and the other priests. He travels many miles with me and bravely lives each day as if it is an adventure.

We rejoice with you that your son has been spared. He sends you his love and promises to write as soon as he is able.

Yours faithfully,
Father Joseph

▶ 1. To survive, native Canadians had to fit their lives to the conditions around them—their environment. They had to adapt to weather and to the kind of land they lived in. What did Gabriel and the Jesuits learn from the Hurons about
   (a) medicine?
   (b) travel—on land, on the water, over snow?
   (c) their eating habits?
   (d) their beliefs?

▶ 2. Where did the Hurons find the materials for
   (a) building a longhouse?
   (b) making corn soup?
   (c) making clothes?
   (d) going fishing?

▶ 3. In what ways do you adapt to your environment? Think about
   (a) weather—how does it affect
      • the kind of home you live in?
      • the kinds of clothes you wear?
   (b) the land in your area—how does it affect
      • the ways people earn their living?
      • your own spare-time activities?

PLAN TO SURVIVE

Imagine that you and a friend have to make a wilderness journey. The trip will last a week. It will be in northern Canada, in the winter. How will you survive? You can only take what you can carry. Work with a partner.

1. Map your route and decide how you will travel.
2. Make a survival plan for travel on the trail; for making camp.
3. List all the items you will need for survival. Be prepared to explain why you will need each of them.

CORN-HUSK DOLLS

Dry, bleached corn husks are the skin and bones of a corn-husk doll. Soak the husks in hot water and glycerine for 30 minutes. Work with them while they are wet. Split the husks into lengths 5 mm to 10 mm wide. Make your doll in three stages:

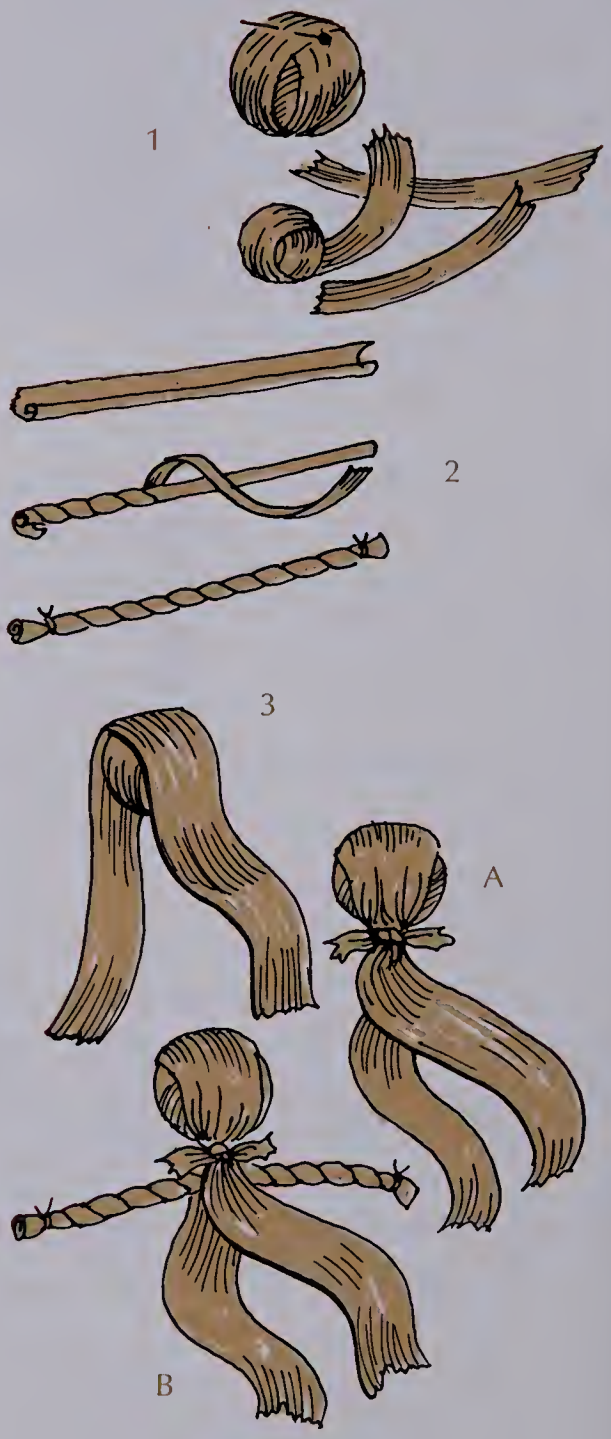
1. Head and Body
   - Wind strips into two balls.
   - On each ball, secure the end of the last strip with a pin.
   - One ball is the head, the other is for the body.

2. Arms and Legs
   - Roll or fold a piece of husk.
   - Start from one end of the folded or twisted husk and wrap a thin strip of husk tightly along its length.
   - Tie each end.

3. Assembly

   A. THE HEAD
   - Split a strip of husk so that it is about 20 mm wide.
   - Place the head ball in the middle, then fold and twist the ends of the strip.
   - Tie the head covering into place with thin strips of husk.

   B. THE ARMS
   - Tuck the arms up against the neck.



C. THE BODY

- Place the body beneath the arms.
- Pinch the husk ends together below the body.
- Tie the waist with twisted husk.

D. THE LEGS

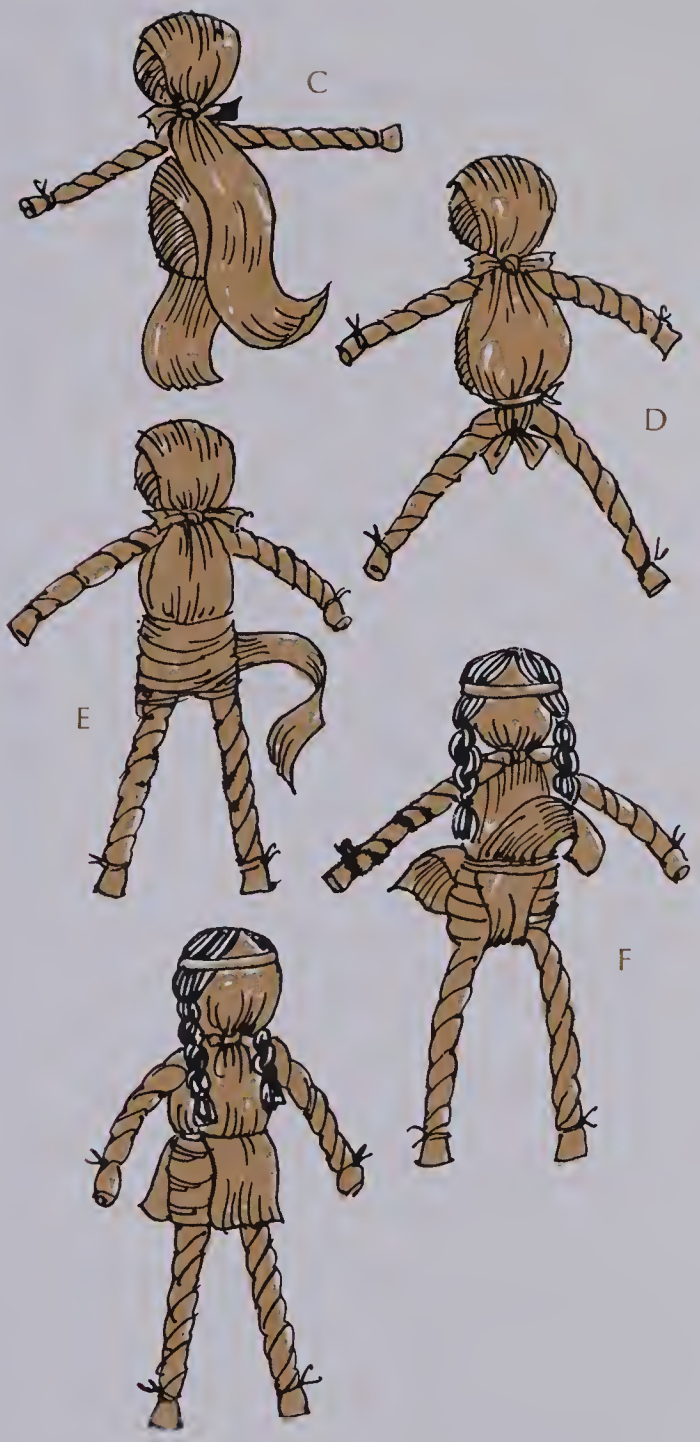
- Fold a leg piece in half.
- Tie it to the body with a strip of husk.
- Cut off the feet ends evenly.

E. THE WAIST AND HIPS

- Cover the waist and hips with strips 10 mm wide.
- Build them up until they look thick enough.

F. BREECH-CLOTH AND HAIR

- Pull the breech-cloth between the legs.
- Tie it at the waist with a belt of twisted husk.
- Use braided yarn for hair.



A completed corn-husk doll

Don't Forget

- Use pins to keep things in place when you are putting the doll together.
- If you want to bend any part of your doll, wet the husks, bend the parts into shape, then let them dry.

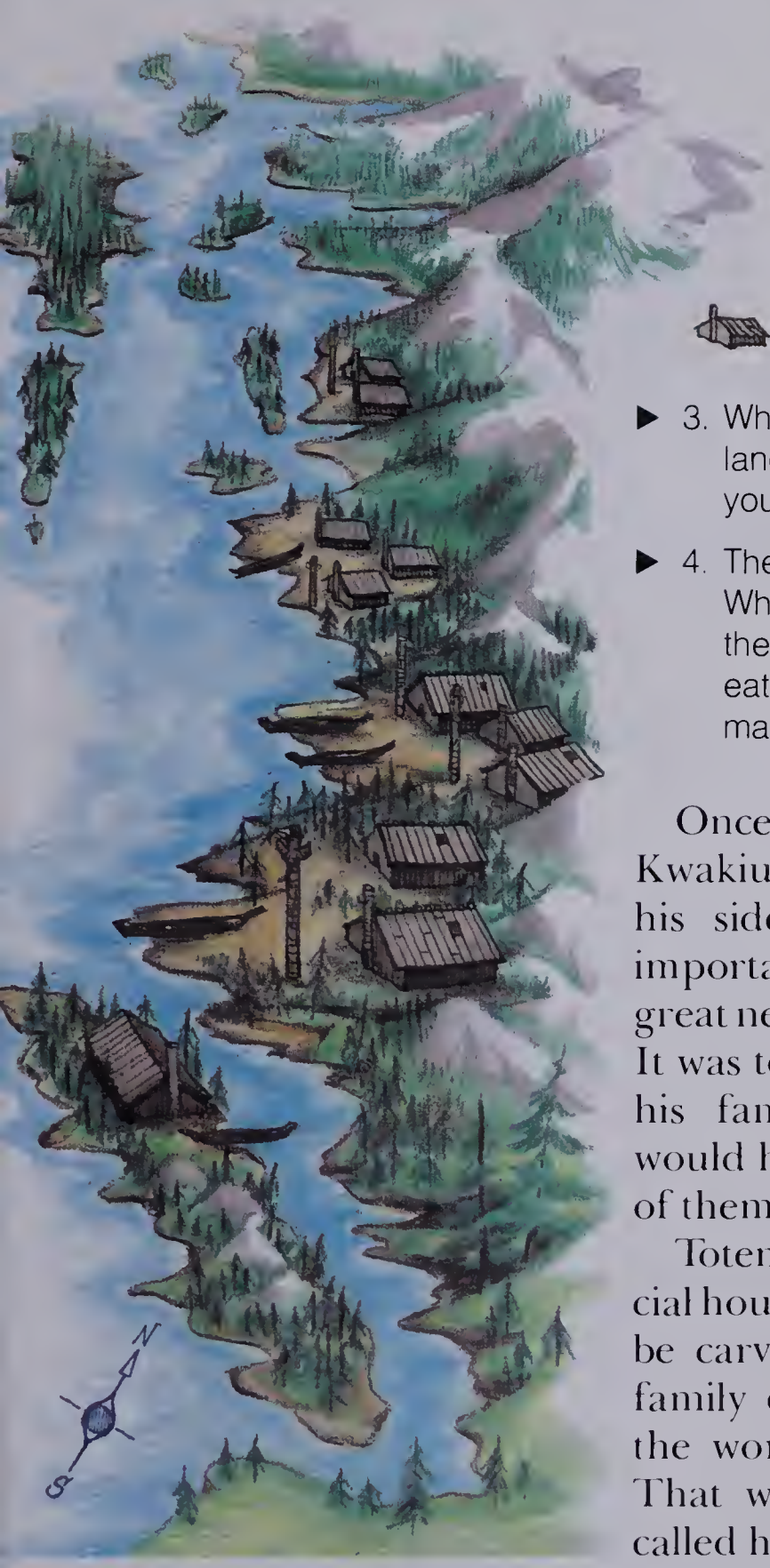
6 Totem's Story

In the land of the Kwakiutl people, long ago, there stood a tall red cedar tree. After it was carved and shaped by the axe of Theomata, it became Totem. Its glowing colours were paints made from shells, earth, charcoal, and salmon eggs. It owed its beauty and strength to Cedar, Shell, Salmon, and Earth. This is the story of how Totem was made.

Look at a map of Canada in your atlas. Locate the map area shown here.

- ▶ 1. In what province is the Kwakiutl tribe located?
- ▶ 2. What is the name of the ocean that borders the Kwakiutl's land?

What animals do you think are carved into Totem?



Areas where Kwakiutl live

- 3. What mountains run through the land of the Kwakiutl? How can you tell how high they are?
- 4. The Kwakiutl lived off the land. What could they use to build their homes? What would they eat? What would they use to make clothes?

Once, many years ago, a Kwakiutl chief called his son to his side. The chief had an important matter to discuss. A great new house was to be built. It was to honour the chief and his family. Two main posts would hold up the house. One of them would be Totem.

Totem was to be a very special house post. The post would be carved to show important family crests and stories. But the work had to begin soon. That was why the chief had called his son.

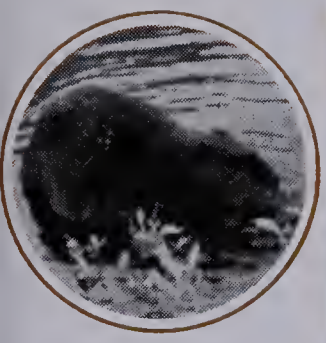
The chief reminded the boy about their family. He retold the stories of their ancestors. They had shared the forests and the ocean with the animals, fish, and birds around them. Some stories told how these ancestors had met animals with special powers. Animal shapes would form part of Totem.

The boy listened. He knew this was a solemn moment. Totem must tell about their family, no other. The boy's father explained.

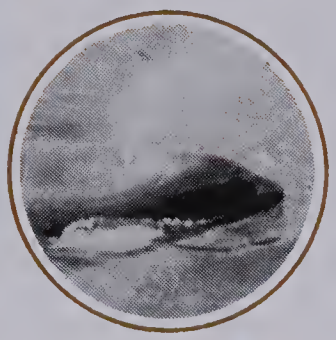
Each family held certain rights. Only they could tell their own stories. Only they had the right to dance certain dances. Only they could sing their songs. The same was true of family crests and symbols. They, too, were part of a family's inheritance. It was an insult to steal a story or to use someone else's crest without asking first.

The boy understood. It was time to send for Theomata, master carver of the village.

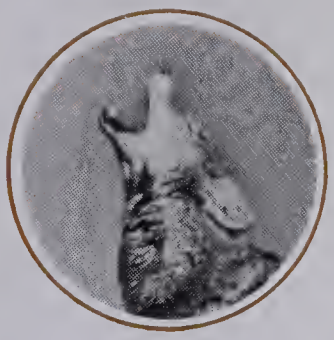
Totem crests.



Beaver



Killer whale



Wolf

Mountain goat

Eagle

Many family crests were symbols of animals, fish, or birds that the people knew. The crests were a record of stories and legends that had grown up around these creatures. Some legends had grown from dreams. Others had grown from real adventures.

▶ 1. Match the crests on the totem poles to the animals in the photos.

▶ 2. Each of these animals is able to survive because it has one or more special features. What features are emphasized on the crests above?

The chief and his son met the carver in secret. They told Theomata some of the stories they wanted him to carve in the post. Theomata listened. Lines and forms took shape in his head. The design of the post must do honour to the chief's family. Only the best would be good enough. First, he must find the right tree.

Theomata searched the forest for the perfect tree. Cedar would last many lifetimes. The wood was easy to shape and carve. Theomata looked for a red cedar that was tall and straight.

Thick tree trunks soared upwards. High above, the branches shut out the sky. Only a few rays of sunlight filtered through the great trees. The forest floor was dark. Here, it was always wet from the heavy rains that swept across the land from the sea.

The chief's young son followed in the carver's footsteps. He watched as Theomata made his final choice. One tree stood taller and straighter than all the rest.

With his thumb, Theomata tested the edge of his chopping adze. This was no ordinary tree. Theomata chopped steadily. As he worked, he talked to the tree. He spoke to it as if it were a person he liked and respected. Softly he explained what he planned

to do. The tree was to become an object of beauty. It would be the pride of the village and of the chief. Theomata asked a favour. He asked that the tree do him no harm, that it fall away from him.

The giant cedar crashed to the ground at last. Theomata removed its branches and stripped off the bark. With broad strokes he sketched his design, in charcoal, on the bare trunk. At last, he began to carve.

It was like watching a butterfly come out of its cocoon, the chief's son thought. It was like seeing the beginning of life stir in Totem.

First, Theomata carved the outline of a large bear. This figure showed that the man who lived in the house was a chief. It also showed that the chief was protected by the bear. Under the carver's hands the image of a fierce warrior grew out of the wood above the bear. The warrior stood for the strength of the chief as a leader. One shoulder was shaped to hold the main beam of the house.

Here and there on the post, small story figures were carved. Theomata carefully carved each one according to a story that the chief and his son had told him.

Totem was fully formed. Now, all that was left to do was to clothe Totem in bright layers of paint. Theomata spent long hours getting ready. Black came from mixing charcoal, mud, and salmon eggs. Red ochre, dug from the earth, gave Theomata the shades of red he wanted. He ground down clam shells to make a base for white paint. Finally, he laid out his set of brushes. He had made them himself out of porcupine quills. Theomata was ready to paint. He had spent three months bringing Totem to colourful life.

At last, Totem's time had come. Posts for the new house stood upright at each corner. Only one hole yawned empty. Beside it lay ropes woven of cedar strips. Those chosen to raise Totem stood by with poles and wedges in their hands. Beyond them, the village people had gathered to watch.

All was ready. The ropes pulled tight. At an exact moment, Theomata gave the signal. The warrior's head lifted to the sky. The bear's claws gripped the earth. Totem was born!

▶ 1. Collect some crests from home and school. What symbols are used on each crest? What does each symbol mean?

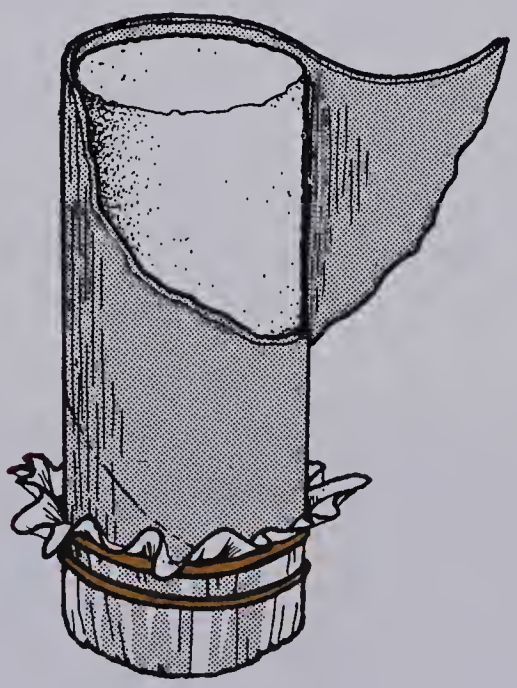
▶ 2. Make a crest for each person in your home. Try to show a special feature of each person. You will need felt or construction paper of different colours, glue, and a pair of scissors.
(a) Choose a symbol for each person.
(b) Draw the parts of your design on different-coloured pieces of felt or paper. Cut them out. Glue them together on a felt or paper background.

▶ 3. Look at the flag of your province or territory. What are the symbols on it? What do you think they mean? Look at the flags of other provinces and territories. What do the symbols represent?

CARVE A Ttotem

You will need: a cardboard tube, plastic wrap and an elastic band, plaster and water, a spoon or blunt knife.

1. Wrap the plastic over the end of the tube. Fasten it with the elastic band.
2. Put 1 L of water into a bowl. Stir in 1 L of plaster. Pour the mixture into the tube. Leave it to dry.
3. Peel off the tube when the plaster is dry.
4. Leave the plaster to set overnight.
5. Use a spoon or knife to carve your totem.



Long Ago . . .

This is where Totem used to stand. Many years ago, the Kwakiutl chief and his people moved away. Now only the call of the raven breaks the eerie silence. The chief's great house has fallen. Much of it has crumbled into the earth. Each year the new trees of the forest creep closer.

Theomata, the carver, travelled to join the Great Spirit long ago. He had lived a full life. In his old age he had become a great storyteller. Now that he is gone, the stories of the totems are forgotten.

Where is Totem now?

Totem's Journey

The McMichael Canadian Collection in Kleinburg, Ontario, is a collection of art. It is full of Canadian treasures from the past. A new find has just arrived. The people who will take care of it come out to look.

The new find is an old, worn house post. Those who know say that it is the work of a master carver of the Kwakiutl people. The post may have held one end of the heavy main beam of a large house. That would have been many years ago, they say.

The old house post is Totem.

Since 1900 Totem has been in the Free Museum in Portland, Oregon, in the United States. Theomata would still recognize his old friend. He would notice changes, though. Totem has grown old. A large cement and iron plug is set into Totem's base.

- 1. What do you think happened to Totem when the chief and his people moved away?
- 2. Imagine you are Totem. Tell the story of your people moving away. Why did they go? How did you feel?
- 3. Find a map of North America in your atlas. With your finger, trace Totem's journey from British Columbia to Portland, Oregon, to Kleinburg, near Toronto. How far is Kleinburg from the Kwakiutl village?

In Kleinburg...

The first job is to remove the plug from Totem's base. What everyone sees then is a disaster! Wet and dry rot have been at work inside. Insects called termites have been busy, too. They have eaten the wood even where there is no rot. Much of the wood inside Totem has turned to powder.

Damage from rot and insects runs the whole length of the post. Totem is just a shell. In some places the damage comes close to the carved and painted surface. Luckily, the surface is still sound. It can be saved. That is why Totem is in Kleinburg.

Totem was once part of life in a Kwakiutl village. There are few real totem posts left. These few are symbols of an old way of life. Once destroyed, they can never be replaced.

How can Totem be saved? The outside surface must not be damaged. But the inside must be cleared of rot and the shell made strong. How can this be done? Who will do it?

Dr. Bernard Leech is called to Kleinburg. He is a scientist who has special skills. He is known as a Conservation Consultant. One of his jobs is to restore old artifacts—objects that have been made by people. If anyone can save Totem, Dr. Leech can.

Dr. Leech enjoys his work because it raises many kinds of problems. He likes to find the answers. For example, he must find out what was used to make an artifact. Was it made of clay, or wood, or metal? If it is wood, what kind of wood? Then he must find the best way to stop damage and make repairs.

A Scientist at Work

Dr. Leech examines Totem carefully. The carved and painted surface shows traces of a tar-like coating. This was formed, Dr. Leech thinks, when Totem was part of a chief's great house. Smoke, soot, and dust covered the surfaces. The coat of grime saved the handsome carvings from damage. It helped to preserve them.

Dr. Leech wonders when the coating was removed. He reads through a report from the Free Museum. He studies the painted surface. Dr. Leech decides that Totem was probably cleaned at the Free Museum.

The hole inside tells another story. Dr. Leech suspects that this decay began many years ago. He knows that Totem reached the museum in Portland from Canada's west coast, where winds, heavy with moisture, blow in from the ocean. The rain and

Dr. Leech examines Totem.

humid air feed the tall cedar trees of the forests. They also feed decay. Moisture creeps through the ground. Bacteria travel through the air. They must have reached Totem even under the shelter of the roof of the house. Dr. Leech believes that the rot took hold then. It began long before Totem was moved from the Kwakiutl village.

Dr. Leech plans what he must do. He lays out the supplies and tools that he will need.

The rot in Totem has stopped for now, but it may break out again. Dr. Leech wants to stop further decay. He also wants to make the old house post as solid as it once was. He decides to fill Totem's hollow centre with a plastic type of glue.

Dr. Leech has to find solutions for each problem. He uses what he has learned in other conservation jobs. He applies the tools and knowledge of other skilled people, as well. He uses the same kind of wax that dentists use. Dr. Leech gathers together the same special pastes and glues that builders and carpenters use. The scaffold he sets up is an idea borrowed from house painters.

Work Begins

Totem stands upside down. A tube about 3 m long reaches down inside as far as it will go. Through it the plastic glue can be directed deep into the hollow core.

Dr. Leech works slowly. He pours in a little glue at a time and lets it set. Layers build up day by day, as solid as concrete. Dr. Leech is well pleased with results so far. When the filling job is done, Totem is laid down to rest.

Dr. Leech fills in small holes and cracks with plastic glue.

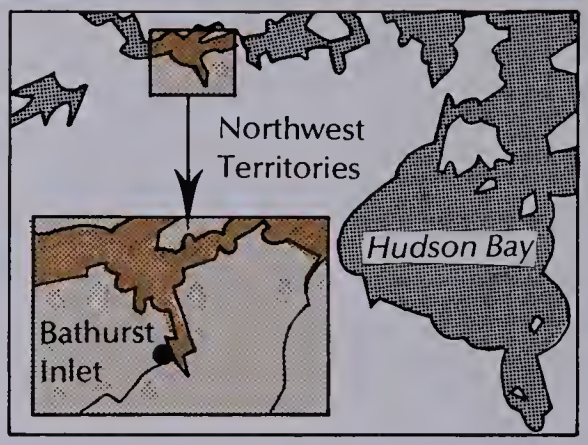
Excitement at Kleinburg grows. The old house post seems to be returning to life. The day for raising Totem draws near. Only the finishing touches need to be done. Dr. Leech moulds a paste into cracks and holes on the surface. No scars remain. Totem is ready to be painted.

An artist is called in to help Dr. Leech. They mix paints to match the surviving colours. When the paint is on, a sense of magic fills the gallery. Totem is reborn! Another treasure from the past has been saved.

- 1. Look at the picture of Totem on page 116. How would Theomata feel if he could see Totem now? Why would he feel that way?
- 2. Why is it important for us to preserve objects from the past?

People and Change

7 The People of Bathurst Inlet



The New Season

The small group of people stood in front of their tiny homes. They were waiting and watching. Something was about to happen at Bathurst Inlet.

Fierce gusts of wind picked up the icy snow. The silent watchers pulled the hoods of their parkas closer to their faces.

They were 64 km north of the Arctic Circle. Their small settlement was locked in the grip of the long winter night. Early in December the sun had sunk below the horizon. It was now near the end of January. The sun was still out of sight.

A few days earlier the spirits of the people had lifted. The rays of the sun had glinted faintly over the horizon. Then the top of the sun had peeked out. For a few short minutes it had washed the frozen tundra with a pale light.

Once every twenty-four hours a little bit more of the sun came out. Each time, the Barren Lands became a little brighter. Today, the entire sun would rise above the horizon. This was what the people were waiting for.

The sky was clear. The temperature had risen but no one noticed. It was still a numbing −40°C. Slowly the orange ball rose above the white land until it was clear of the horizon.

Winter in Bathurst Inlet.

Henry Kamaoyok and his wife, Lena, began to smile. The watchers cheered the newly risen sun.

For a few short minutes, the sun hung in the sky. It shone its pale rays of light over Bathurst Inlet. Then, quickly, it sank back out of sight.

Everyone had been eager for this moment. The thought that it was coming had helped them get through the darkest time of the year.

Bathurst Inlet is one of the few places where the Inuit still live off the land. For them, this day was a happy one. From now on the days would get longer and the weather would improve. The sun would warm up the land. In a few months the ice and snow would start to melt. The caribou would return. Fish would run in the fast-flowing rivers. Flowers would cover the tundra. A new season had begun.

Faces of Bathurst Inlet

▶ 1. (a) What words could you use to describe each person in the pictures below?
(b) Who do you think is the eldest? the youngest?

▶ 2. Most Inuit no longer travel across the land to hunt and fish. They live in towns and do other kinds of work. What might be a reason for this change in their way of life?

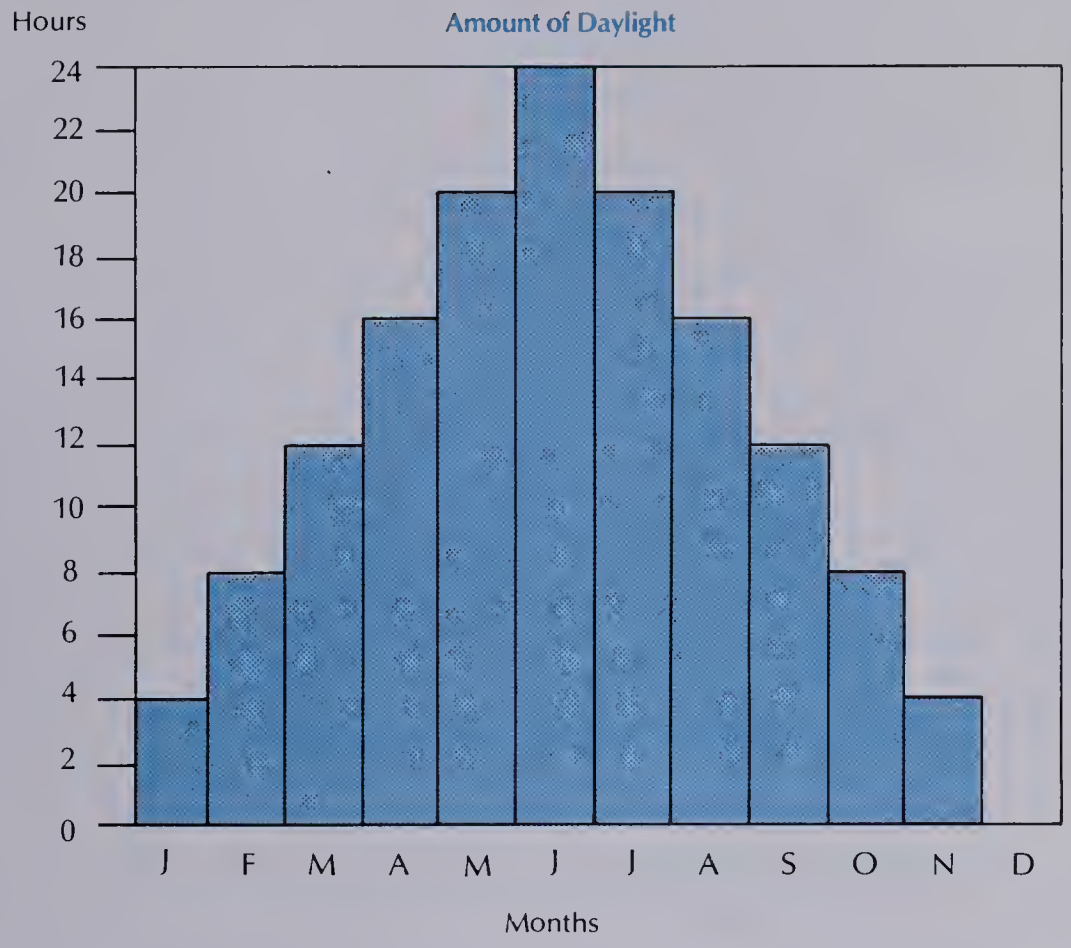
John Naneroak

Mary Tapana Naneroak

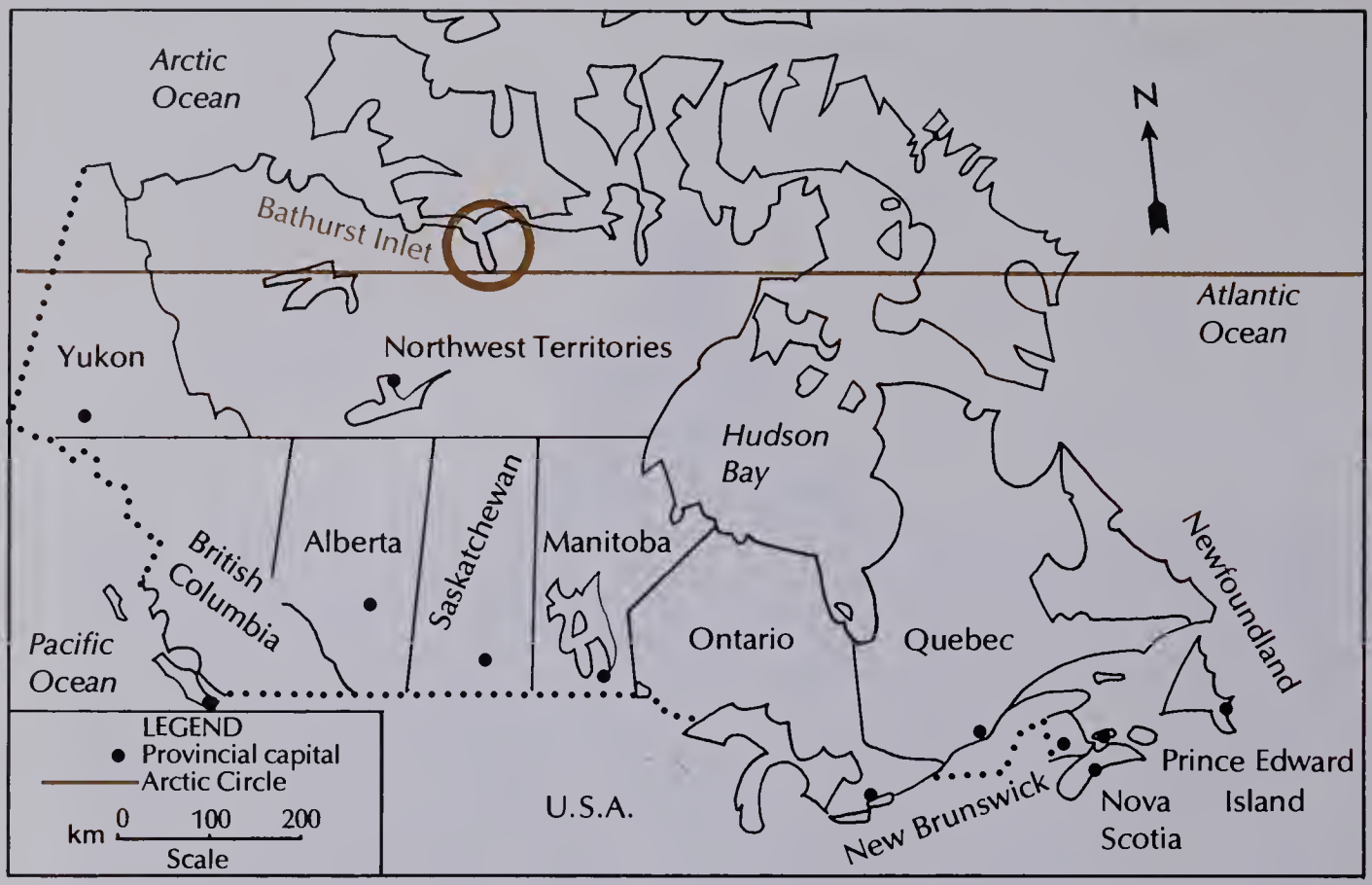
Peter, Martina, and Priscilla Kapolak

Allan Kapolak

Daylight and Darkness at Bathurst Inlet



- 1. What is the darkest time of the year?
- 2. What is the lightest time of the year?
- 3. When are the amounts of light and darkness about equal?
- 4. Where you live, how many hours of daylight are there now? Now look at the graph. How many hours of daylight are there this month at Bathurst Inlet?
- 5. Make a similar graph for your area. What information will you need before you can begin?
- 6. The Arctic is known as "the land of the midnight sun". Why is this a good name?
- 7. How many seasons are there where you live? Describe the signs that show that each new season is on the way.



▶ 1. How far is it from
(a) your provincial capital to Bathurst Inlet?
(b) Prince Edward Island to the Arctic Circle?

▶ 2. In what direction would you travel to go from
(a) Edmonton to Bathurst Inlet?
(b) Nova Scotia to the Yukon?

▶ 3. Which province is
(a) farthest west?
(b) farthest east?

▶ 4. North, south, east, or west?
(a) Newfoundland is _____ of Nova Scotia.
(b) Yukon Territory is _____ of British Columbia.
(c) Saskatchewan is _____ of Alberta.
(d) Ontario is _____ of Quebec.

▶ 5. Which ocean is
(a) farthest north?
(b) farthest west?

Contact

Glenn and Trish Warner have known the people of Bathurst Inlet for a long time. The Warners own a small lodge at the inlet and spend their summers there. During the winter they live in Yellowknife. It is the capital of the Northwest Territories.

Many people from the south come to stay at the lodge. They want to see what life is like in the Arctic.

It is now April. The Inuit at Bathurst Inlet have been alone for six months. No one from outside their village has been to visit them during the dark winter.

The five families have one contact with the rest of the world. It is an old radio. Though it breaks down now and then, the set works most of the time. The people use it to talk to their friends in the north.

The radio is kept in the Kamaoyoks' house. That's where most people are on Sunday nights. They listen as Henry calls Hay River, 700 km to the south. He is in luck tonight. The signal is good.

Henry This is 1124 Bathurst Inlet calling 615 Hay River. Do you copy? Over.

Hay River Radio Bathurst Inlet, this is Hay River. We read you loud and clear. Go ahead with your message. Over.

Henry I would like to call the Warners in Yellowknife. Their phone number is 873-3019. Over.

Trish Warner Hello?

Henry Hello, Trish. This is Henry speaking. How is the family? Over.

Trish It's good to hear from you. We're all fine here, Henry. How are all of you at the inlet? Over.

Henry We're all okay. Robert says to tell Glenn that he and Martha went to Umingmaktok last week to visit friends. Over.

Trish That's nice. Did they go by skidoo or dog team? Over.

Henry They took their dogs and the komatik to save gas. Over.

Trish How have the trapping and fishing been this winter? Over.

Henry The trapping hasn't been too good. In the last three weeks we've only trapped seven white fox, two red fox, one wolf, and one wolverine. But the ice fishing on the lakes has been good. Over.

Trish Now that spring is near, things should get better. Have you seen the caribou yet? Over.

Henry Not yet. We expect to see them in the next two weeks. Trish, we'd like you to send us a few things. The store at Umingmaktok has run out of them. Over.

Trish I have a pencil and paper. Go ahead. Over.

Henry O.K. here goes. A dozen spark plugs; eight boxes of rifle shells; one package of guitar strings; a wool shirt, size medium; a clutch plate for the skidoo; and two dozen batteries for the radio and tape recorder. Over.

Trish We'll get these things to you as soon as possible. A Twin Otter is flying to Cambridge Bay next week. Maybe it could stop at Bathurst Inlet. What is the thickness of the ice? Over.

Henry Say again? Over.

Trish What is the thickness of the ice? Over.

Henry Just under two metres of blue ice. Over.

Trish That's thick enough to land the Twin Otter. Call us again next week. Give our love to everyone. Over.

Henry Thanks, Trish. All of us here send our love. 615 Hay River, Bathurst Inlet is clear. Over.

Hay River Radio Thank you. Hay River is clear. Out.

When the ice melts, the Twin Otter lands on the water.

- 1. Look at a detailed map of Canada. Why would it be easy for a plane flying from Yellowknife to Cambridge Bay to stop at Bathurst Inlet?
- 2. If you needed some batteries or a new shirt, how would you get them where you live? How would you get them if you lived at Bathurst Inlet? Which would be easier? cheaper? faster?
- 3. How does a radio operator know when it is his or her turn to talk?
- 4. Umingmaktok is about 160 kilometres north-east of the community of Bathurst Inlet. Name a place that is 160 km from your home. What plans would you make to travel this distance by bicycle?

Return of the Caribou

Young Allan Kapolak came running into the village. His boots crunched on the hard-packed snow that still covered much of the frozen tundra. Breathless, he stopped and looked around. John Haniliak was talking to Robert Akoluk over by the oil drums. Allan raced toward them, shouting as he ran. "*Tuktu! tuktu!* The *tuktu* have come back!"

Heads poked out from the doors of the houses. This was the news that everyone had been waiting for. The caribou had returned to the Barrens.

During the last two weeks the days had grown much longer. The air had become warmer. Spring had arrived. The Inuit knew that the *tuktu* could not be far away. Each year at this time the caribou herd returned to the same area. It always passed close to the village. Sometimes the herd went right through it.

Soon all the men, women, and children stood in a crowd around John's house. They were very excited. John would know what to do. He could hunt, fish, and travel with the best. If the villagers needed advice about hunting, they went to John.

John told them that Allan had seen the main herd about 6 km away. He pointed toward Young Point. The men and boys hooked up the komatiks and jumped on their skidoos. With rifles slung over their shoulders, they roared across the ice in search of the caribou.

This was an important time. It had been so for as long as they could remember. Finding the herd each year might mean the difference between life and death. The herd gave the Inuit almost all they needed. Caribou supplied them with food, clothing, shelter, and tools.

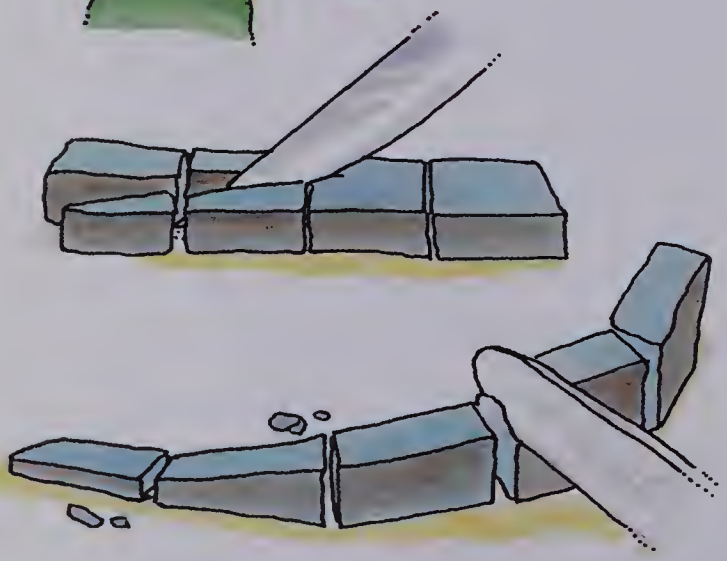
All winter long the people survived on dried caribou meat and dried fish. They also caught a few seals and some fish after the inlet and the lakes froze over. Now they would be able to eat their favourite food again—fresh caribou meat. It would be a time of plenty, a time for feasting.

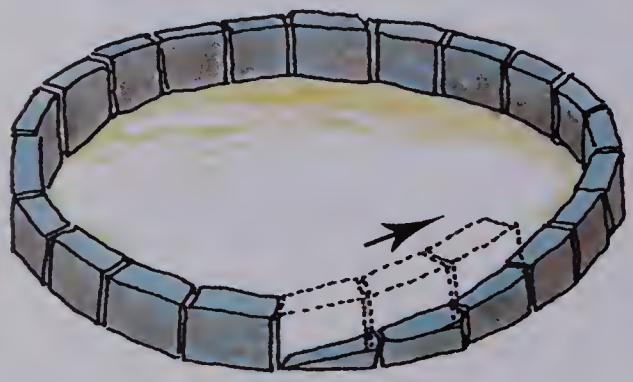
John Haniliak

Hunters in a skidoo.

The Snow House

In the old days there were no snowmobiles. Hunters were often gone for many days. They never took any kind of shelter with them. When they were tired they stopped and built a snow house. The snow walls of the snow house sheltered them from the worst Arctic storms. John Haniliak still builds a snow house when he's caught in a storm.





MAKE A MODEL SNOW HOUSE

Use plasticine or dough to build a snow house. You will need: a pencil, a large plate, a knife, a ruler, glue, white paint, and a wood or thick cardboard base.

1. Use the plate and pencil to mark a circle on the base. Roll out the dough to a thickness of 1 cm. Use the ruler and knife to mark the dough into about fifty rectangular shapes. Cut them out.

2. Lay four blocks in a row and cut them as shown. Fit them along the circle on the base. Glue them down.

3. Complete the circle with more blocks. When you get to the four sloped blocks, trim the bottoms as well as the sides. This will make the next row tilt inwards a little.

4. Continue tilting each row a little more until you reach the top. Cut a block to fit the centre hole.

5. Cut a doorway two blocks high. Build an entrance of smaller blocks. Paint the snow house and base.

The Hunters Return

Inuit families who live off the land, as those in Bathurst Inlet still do, share the work that must be done. Each person has a special part to play. The men hunt and fish. They make and mend their gear. The women sew, cook, and take care of the children. Every job is important because the people depend on each other to survive.

Just before sundown, the hunters returned. They had done their job. Each skidoo pulled a komatik loaded with caribou meat. The men waved at the women and children who had come out to greet them. The hunt had been a success!

The men laid the meat in a pile. Now it was the turn of the women. They quickly cut up the caribou with their ulus and divided it among the families. The children carried their family's share to their house.

Each family cooked on a small, portable stove. The meat went into a metal pot on one burner. Bannock, a heavy flour pancake, cooked in a pan on the other burner. Soon there was also water boiling for tea.

When a meal such as this is over, there is more work for the women. They use their ulus to cut the meat that is left over into thin strips. These strips are hung over racks to dry out in the sun and the wind.

When the meat is fully dried, it is placed in a cache. This is a storage pile of food, covered with skins. It is saved until it is needed in the early winter. Some caches have cans and scarecrows hung around them. These help to scare away animals that would steal the food.

▶ 1. The best hunter is the person most respected by the Inuit. What skills do people in your community respect most of all? How would you decide which skill is most important in your community?

2. Before the rifle was invented, what skills did an Inuit hunter need? Imagine what skills you would need to hunt for food without a gun.
3. Which of these skills are no longer important to the Inuit hunter today?
4. Compare the way you live with the way the people at Bathurst Inlet live. What is the same? What is different?
5. What would you have to learn if you were going to live on the tundra?
6. Inuit families do not eat their meals at regular times. They eat when they are hungry. Make a list of the things you usually eat when you get up. Make a list of the food the Inuit might eat when they get up. Why are the foods so different?

Return to Bathurst Inlet

In the first week of June the Warners flew to Bathurst Inlet. They were going to open their lodge. A lot of guests were expected during the summer.

The flight from Yellowknife on the old DC-3 had taken two hours. Shortly after take-off the plane had left the evergreen trees behind. From then on it flew across the treeless Arctic tundra. At the inlet the pilot landed on the gravel airstrip. The plane was soon unloaded and the Warners made their way to the settlement.

In the sunlight the green, ball-shaped Inuit homes stood out clearly. Beyond them were the white lodge buildings with their bright red roofs.

The drying racks beside the houses were filled with strips of caribou meat. It had been a good spring hunt. Along the river bank the sled dogs were tied to long chains. Their work was done until the next winter.

Best of all were the people. The whole village had come out to greet the Warners. There were hugs all round. Then Glenn and Trish sat down with everyone. They wanted to hear all the news.

Henry began. He told them about the winter. Shortly after the Warners had left, late in August of the year before, the warm

days of the short summer had changed. The weather turned cold and damp. The winds became icy. A thin carpet of snow covered the tundra by early September.

At the end of September the barge came. Once a year it brought supplies to the tiny settlements on the coast of the Arctic Ocean. It stopped first at Umingmaktok to drop off supplies for the store. Then it went on with a load of oil drums, lumber, and a new boat for the lodge.

Early in December the winds had dropped. The temperature plunged to −48°C. The sun almost vanished as the long winter night began. Within three days the heaving salt water of the inlet changed to a still sheet of ice. Winter had taken hold.

That was an easy time at the inlet. There was plenty to eat. Caribou meat and fish had been stored during the summer and fall. In the old days, little was saved. When hunting and fishing were poor, many people starved. Many died. Now, much food is stored and some is brought in from outside.

Peter was next to tell the Warners about the winter. He told them about the trip he and his family had taken.

Soon after the inlet had frozen hard, the Kapolaks made plans to travel to Umingmaktok. They wanted to spend Christmas with Martina's family. The two settlements are not very close, but the people are. Many of them are related by marriage. Martina thought they could also buy some things that they could get only at the store there.

Peter had harnessed the sled dogs to the komatik. Allan helped to load it with food, sleeping furs, and their best clothes. Although there was no daylight, the sky was clear when they set out. They followed the flat sea ice right up the inlet.

There are many words in Inuit for "hello", but none for "good-bye". Peter, Martina, and the children were made very welcome when they arrived at the village. The families gathered in the largest house. There was plenty to eat and everyone had stories to tell.

All too soon the visit came to an end. It was time to leave. Before loading the komatik, the Kapolaks stopped by the store to buy flour, tea, and sugar. The manager was there to look after them. Although the store never closes, the manager isn't always there. When he has to be away he leaves the store unlocked. Anyone who needs something just drops in and takes it. The storekeeper knows that he will be told what has been taken. He will be paid when that person next sees him in the store.

- 1. What would happen if the owner of a store near you left the store unlocked?
- 2. What would you do if you saw someone take something from a store without paying?
- 3. Why would some Inuit prefer to travel by dog team rather than by snowmobile?

Health Care

Peter had a good reason for wanting to get home. This was his first year as a first-aid helper. It was an important job. The people at Bathurst Inlet needed him.

Peter was needed because there was no one else to give health care. The people were lucky to stay as healthy as they did. They were too far from doctors and nurses to be able to see them often. Peter's job was made for remote northern places such as the inlet.

Last fall, Peter worked in the hospital at Cambridge Bay for two months. He learned to give basic first aid. He found out how to tell when someone was ill and what the reason might be.

Peter's first winter as a first-aid helper had been a good one. There were some cuts and a few infections, but no serious problems.

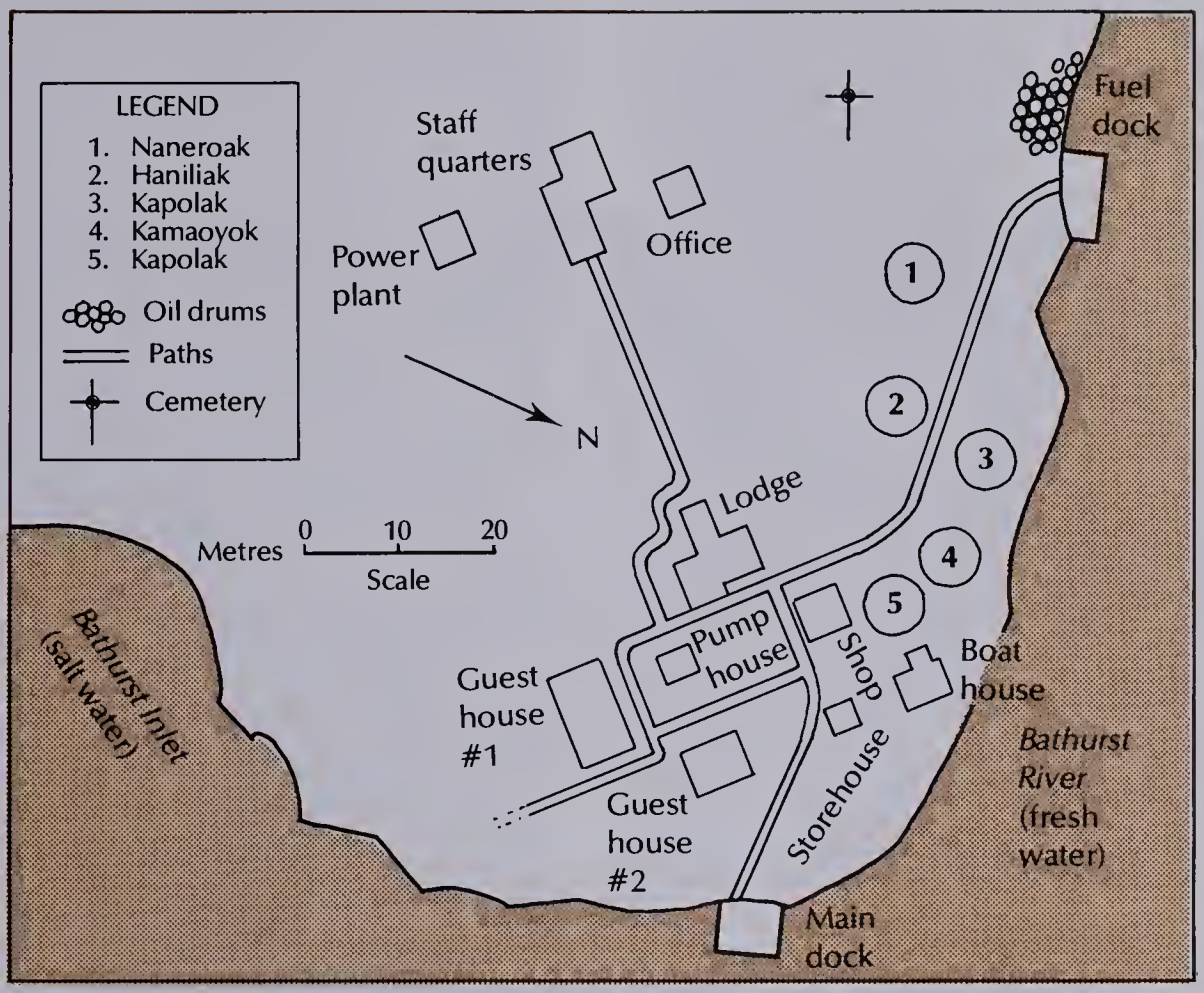
In an emergency, Peter would radio Cambridge Bay. He would describe the problem to the doctor. If the doctor felt that special treatment was needed, he would send a plane to pick up the patient.

Peter has one concern. There is a weakness in the system. The radio is his only link with the doctor. During the past winter the radio was broken for several days, until Henry was able to fix it. An emergency then could have led to tragedy.

Almost forty years ago, disaster had struck the little settlement. The weather that winter was the worst in memory. The hunting was poor and the people were in danger of starving. Many families moved to the inlet to spend the winter. At that time there was a trading post there (it is now part of the lodge). More than a hundred people were living in snow houses at the post, and food supplies were running out. Some people starved to death. The rest were too weak to hunt. Then flu struck! Without medicine, many victims could not be saved. By the time the caribou returned in the spring, fifteen adults and several children had died.

The victims were buried in the graveyard nearby. Their markers are still there today. Although the names are beginning to fade, they are a grim reminder of the disaster forty years ago.

Could such a tragedy happen today? Explain.



1. If you walked on the footpath from the main dock to the storehouse, in what direction would you be going?
2. Use a piece of string and the scale to find the approximate length of the shoreline shown on the map.
3. What is the closest building to the south of the Naneroaks' house?
4. By using the footpaths, how would you get from the staff quarters to the Kapolaks' house? About how far would you walk?

Visitors from the South

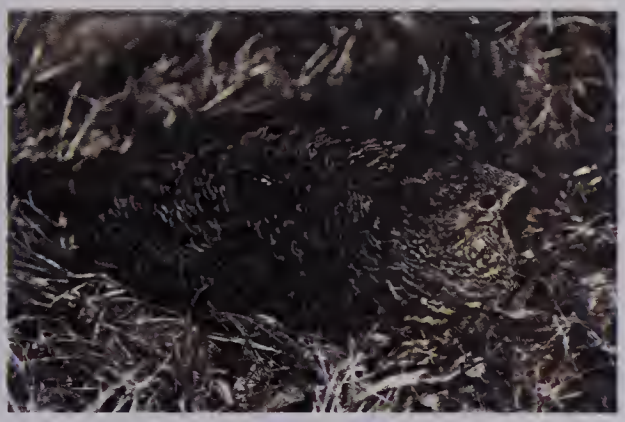
Most guests stay at the lodge for a week or two. Some are surprised to find out what a pleasant place the Arctic is in summer.

John Haniliak and Henry Kamaoyok take the lodge guests around the inlet by boat. When the visitors see something they want to explore, the boats are pulled up on a beach. The guests hike across the tundra guided by the Inuit. They find a land that is alive with plants and animals.

The Arctic ground squirrel spends most of its life asleep, hibernating. It is only awake during the short summer.

The silver-white winter coat of the Arctic fox changes in the summer. It turns to a dull brown-and-cream colour.

The peregrine falcon is an endangered bird. In a recent count there were only 150 nests in North America. Two of these are at Bathurst Inlet.



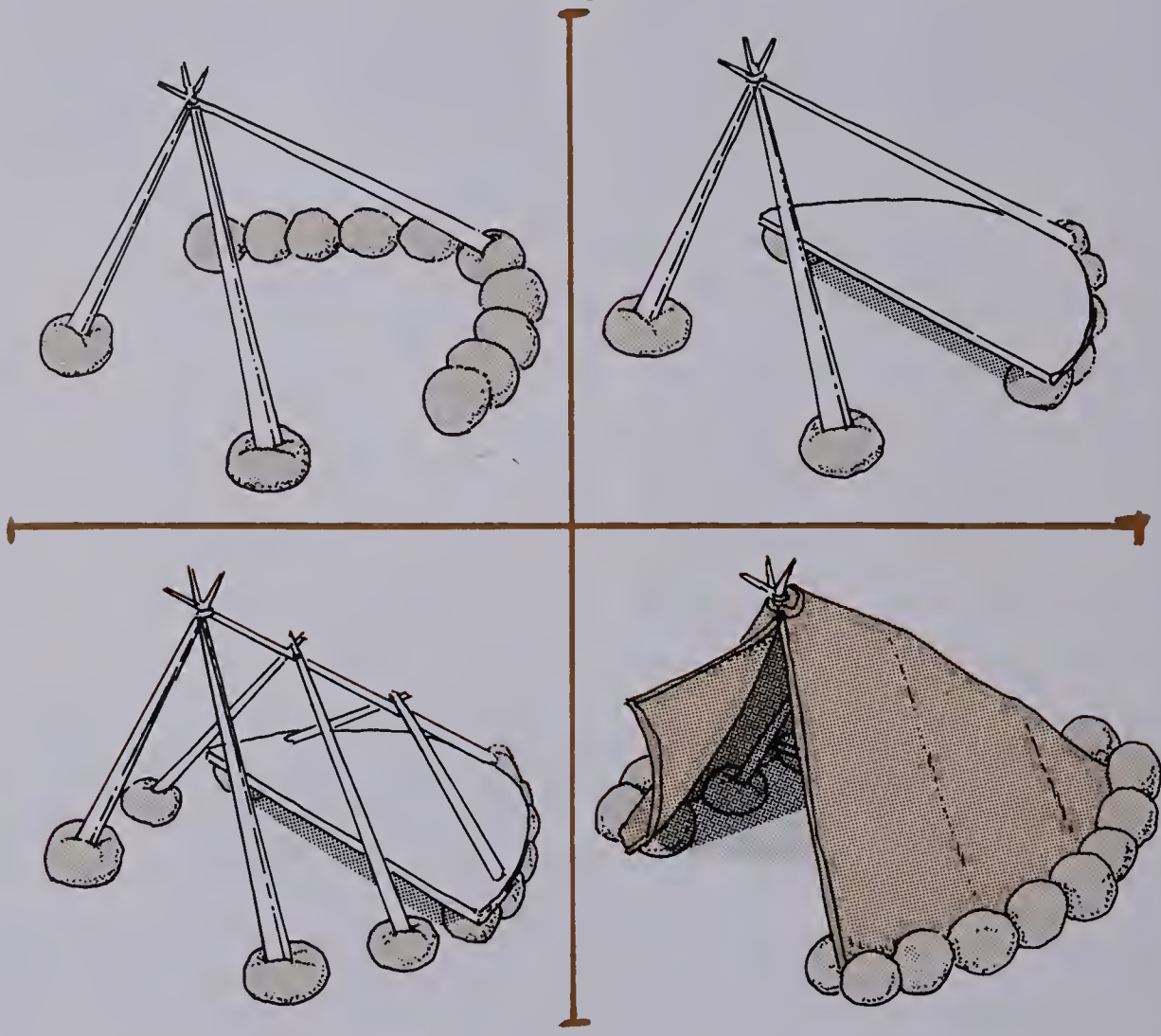
When the female ptarmigan is on its nest it is almost invisible. Why do you think the male and female look so different?

The musk-ox lives year-round on the tundra near Bathurst Inlet. The name of the village of Umingmaktok is an Inuit word that means "place of the musk-ox".

The visitors also see signs of the past. Remains lie on the tundra. They are silent reminders of the old Inuit way of life. These tent rings are across the bay from the lodge. They are all that is left to show that an Inuit family spent a summer there long ago.

Tent rings: a sign of the past.

► Make a model of an Inuit summer tent. Use
- toothpicks for poles,
- plasticine for rocks,
- cardboard strips for the platform,
- a scrap of cloth for the covering.



An Inuit summer tent.

The visitors from the south have seen another part of Canada. They have found a land that has not changed much for thousands of years. The Inuit, though, have changed. The days of living off the land are almost over. The old customs are being quickly forgotten. New inventions have brought a promise of an easier way of life for the people of Bathurst Inlet.

1. What inventions do you think have done most to change the Inuit way of life? Have the changes been good or bad? Explain your answers.
2. The Inuit language is in danger of dying out. Why?
3. What if Allan Kapolak came to visit you? What would he find strange? How could you make him feel comfortable?
4. What services does your community have that are not found at Bathurst Inlet?

THE AYAGAK

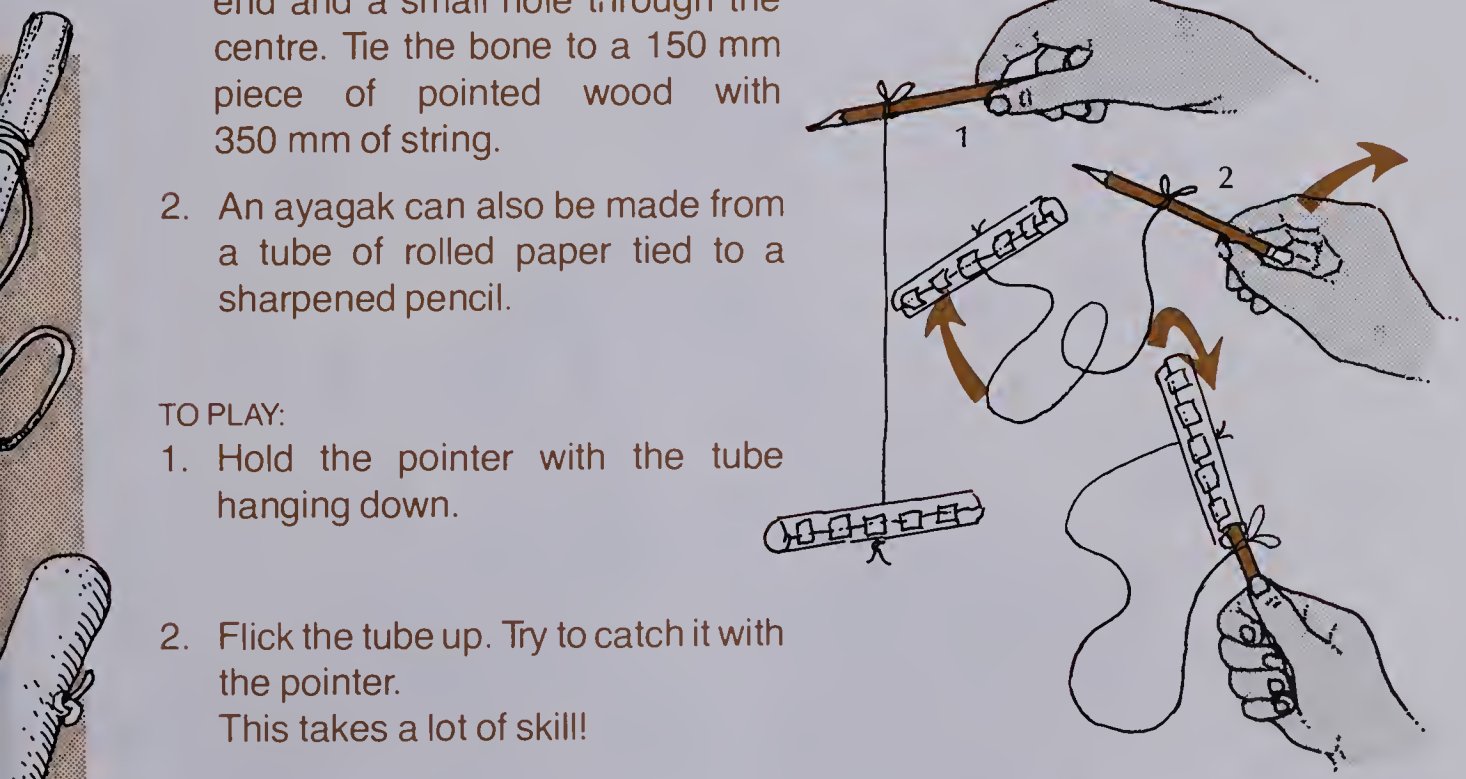
When the storms came, the Inuit had to stay inside their houses. This was the time when the children played games. The ayagak, made with pieces of caribou bone, was a favourite.

Here is how you can make an ayagak.

1. Clean a piece of bone about 100 mm long. Drill a big hole in one end and a small hole through the centre. Tie the bone to a 150 mm piece of pointed wood with 350 mm of string.
2. An ayagak can also be made from a tube of rolled paper tied to a sharpened pencil.

TO PLAY:

1. Hold the pointer with the tube hanging down.
2. Flick the tube up. Try to catch it with the pointer.
   This takes a lot of skill!



The piece of bone has to be jerked onto the pointer.

8 A Museum Moves

This is the rhyme that Edgar Fisher made up. It tells all about an unusual hobby. Read it over first, and then try to say it out loud. That's how Edgar Fisher likes to do it.

BUTTONS

Along the bumpy road of life
We all must take our knocks—
We have measles, whooping cough and mumps
And some have chicken pox.

But Len O'Brien's got "buttons",
And he's got them mighty bad—
His wife says it's the worst disease
Her husband ever had.

He has buttons in his coffee
And buttons on his bread,
He wants buttons after breakfast
And before he goes to bed.

He caught the germ last summer,
Picked it up from Newfoundland,
The case was rather mild at first
But soon got out of hand.

Then he went out huntin' buttons,
Sought them all along the shore;
He got buttons, buttons, buttons,
And still he wanted more.

He got buttons out of Pizzlewig,
And Eb Town and the "Sack",
He borrowed some in Pleasant Hills
And never took them back.

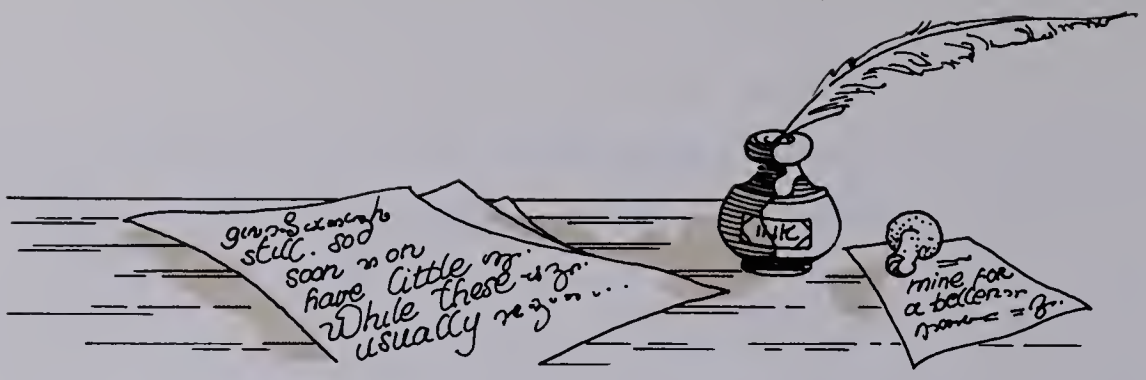
He got buttons made of ivory,
And horn, and brass, and bone;
Wherever he saw buttons
He was bound to take them home.

He sought them in strange places—
He even got a pair
Of glass buttons from the bridle
Of the old fish peddler's mare.

Now, all ye people, harken,
And if you should chance to be
In company with Len O'Brien
Take this advice from me.

Don't turn your back upon him,
For if he gets the chance,
You are likely to be missin'
All the buttons off your pants.

- 1. Where did Len O'Brien get buttons for his collection?
- 2. What sort of collections have you seen around
  (a) your home?
  (b) your school?
- 3. What can a collection of old articles tell us about the lives of people who lived a long time ago?
- 4. Where might such collections be found?



Sharing Collections

One place where we can find collections is in a museum. Collections are stored in museums so that many people can see them. Sometimes museums display objects from all over the world. One collection might include the bones of animals that lived long ago. Another might show ships built by people from other lands.

Other museums focus on their own part of the world. They display old maps of their town. Or jewellery made by local craftsmen.

Today there is a new kind of museum. In museums like this, you can become a part of the display. For instance, you can cook a meal the way they did in the old days. Or you can braid a rug. One museum even gives you real quill pens and ink to write with!

Today a museum in your town might look like a village did a hundred years ago. People may bustle to and fro in bright costumes. They may show the daily work of Canadians of the past. Visitors can see the clock-maker, printer, farmer, or shop-keeper of the village at work.

As you read on, you will see how one "living museum" grew.

▶ 1. Look back at the stories in this book. What objects that would make interesting additions to a museum were mentioned in these stories:
(a) My Great-grandmother, a Prairie Settler?
(b) Letters to France?
(c) Totem's Story?

▶ 2. Do you think it's a good idea to save old objects in a museum? Why or why not?

1. *What different kinds of collections do you see in these pictures?*
2. *How can people and their costumes make a museum different and exciting?*
3. *The woman in one photograph is showing visitors how candles used to be made. Why did people once have to make their own candles?*

Look What's Happened to Us at the Brougham Museum

We didn't have enough room to show our collection. We wanted visitors to see what life might have been like 130 years ago. In Brougham we were too crowded. That's why we moved to nearby Greenwood. Now we have lots of room to show off all of the things we have collected. We want it to be a living museum where visitors can do things.

Now, how do you find a person who can move a museum, or plan a new setting?

The right person already worked for us. His name is Tom Quinn. He looks after the Parks and Recreation programs for the whole town of Pickering, which includes Brougham and Greenwood. Mr. Quinn is called a Director. Many people work in his department.

Have you ever thought about who looks after the arena, the parks, or the pools in your town? Who cuts the park grass or

The site for the new museum.

paints the fences? In Pickering, it is Mr. Quinn's workers who do these jobs.

One year, Mr. Quinn had an extra job to do. He had to make sure that the old Brougham Museum moved safely to Greenwood. Part of his job was to gather money for the move.

All of us who live in Pickering pay taxes to the town each year. This money pays for services such as garbage collection, snow-clearing, and ball parks. All of these services are needed in our town.

Some of our taxes were used to look after the new museum in Greenwood. Tom Quinn made sure our money was spent wisely.

Our taxes didn't pay for everything, though. Ever since the museum has been open, visitors have paid to come in. These funds help to look after the museum. We also want to make our collection larger. We want everyone to enjoy our new home.

Why do you think the Town of Pickering put this sign at the construction site?

Steps in Planning Our Museum

Many steps were needed to make sure that the move was done right.

First, the Town Council voted to move the museum to Greenwood. Then they met with Mr. Quinn. They discussed all of the work that had to be done.

It didn't take them long to find out they were in need of help. They didn't know much about museums. The problem of moving would have to be solved by experts, they agreed.

A Museum Advisory Committee was formed. People who knew about museums were asked to join this group. Its job was to give advice to the Town Council.

The committee, the Town Council, and Mr. Quinn met together. Follow the steps they took to plan the museum's move.

STEP 1: DISCUSSING THE MOVE

Several important questions had to be answered. What jobs had to be done? How could they be done? Who would do the jobs? When would it be best to move the museum? How much would it cost? The committee had to discuss all of these questions.

STEP 2: DESIGNING THE NEW SETTING

Tom Quinn had thought about a new setting for the museum. The town owned land nearby, at Greenwood.

"It's a great place," said Mr. Quinn. "At Greenwood, we will have eleven hectares. That's five times more land than we have at Brougham. We will have lots of room to build. We can plan to have our buildings look the way a village might have looked 130 years ago."

STEP 3: GETTING ADVICE

Everyone agreed that it would be a big job. It was too big for a small group of people to do alone. They decided to call in some

1. Why were some buildings taken apart for the move?

2. What was needed in the way of special equipment?

experts to help. Engineers and architects were needed. All of their skills could be used. These experts agreed to get the land at Greenwood ready for the move.

The experts found the best movers for the buildings and the collections. Some of the buildings were moved just the way they were. Some had to be taken apart first. Special equipment was needed. The committee also had to find people with special skills.

STEP 4: INFORMING THE PUBLIC

While this was going on, Mr. Quinn was busy. He wanted to make sure that the community knew what was taking place. He contacted the newspaper and the radio station. People soon heard about the plans. They offered to help. A group of students wanted to do the packing for the move.

STEP 5: MAKING A TIMETABLE

A timetable was drawn up by the committee. It looked something like the one on this page.

TIMETABLE

Things to be done	**When to do them**
Negotiations with the government	1974 – 1978
Hire consulting firm	February 1978
Pack and store collections	July 1978
Begin site work	September 1978
Move first building	December 1978
Move second and third buildings	January 1979
Completion of site work	June – August 1979
Begin unpacking collections	July 1979
Official opening	September 15, 1979

▶ 1. Do you use a timetable in your school or classroom? What do you use it for?

▶ 2. Why do travellers in a bus station need timetables?

▶ 3. Where else would you need timetables? Make a display of as many different kinds of timetable as you can find.

STEP 6: MAKING A BUDGET

A budget is the name for one kind of plan. It's a plan for spending money. The committee, Town Council, and Mr. Quinn had to plan a budget for the move. They had to match their money with what had to be done.

It was a disappointment when it was decided not to move the brick schoolhouse which was part of the old museum. Who would have thought that it was too heavy? The Greenwood bridge could not take its weight. It would have taken too much of the budget to strengthen the bridge.

▶ 1. Why did the committee decide not to make the Greenwood bridge stronger?

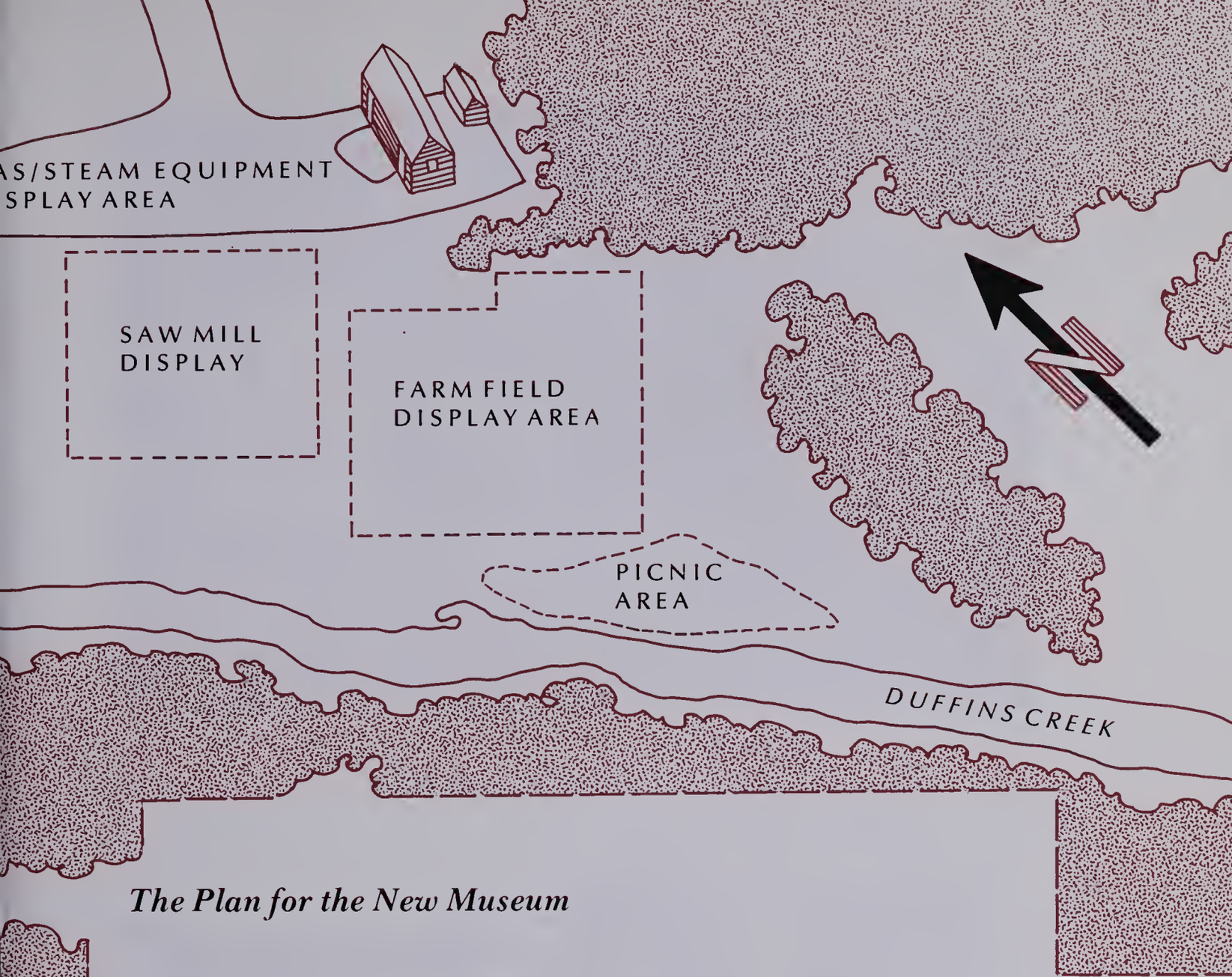
▶ 2. Do you think it was a good decision? Why or why not?

CHECK YOUR BUDGET

1. Find out what your school budget for art supplies has been, each year, for the past five years. Design a bar graph to show what the budget was each year. How has it changed?
2. Make up a budget for your allowance. List the things you are going to buy. How much will you spend? How much will you save?
3. What kinds of expenses might come up that will change your budget plans?

The buildings and collections were finally moved to Greenwood. This was the first time in North America that a whole museum was picked up and moved.

DISPLAY AREA
PICNIC AREA
DISPLAY AREA
DUFFINS CREEK
TIMBER BRIDGE
WILDERNESS AREA
LOG CABIN DISPLAY
WILDERNESS VIEWING STATION
PARKING LOT
OVERFLOW PARKING
WILDERNESS A



The Plan for the New Museum

1. Locate north on the site map.
2. In what direction would you walk from the main parking lot
   (a) to the main building display?
   (b) to the gas and steam barn?
   (c) to the farm fields?
3. Locate the wilderness station. There is a tower at this station. Why do you think it is a good idea to have this tower? What can you see from this spot?
4. As you move along the pathway from the parking lot to the main buildings, what will you see?
5. Make your own legend to show what is in each location.

Try It! A Group Project

Plan and build your own mini-museum.

This is your chance to plan a project in the same way as the people of Pickering did for their museum. Before you start the project, go back over the story. Write down what the planners had to do. You will need committees to help organize your project.

Get together with some others in your class who are interested, or divide the class into four or five museum groups.

Don't forget to choose a leader. He or she can make sure that each job gets done.

Here are some suggested jobs for the different groups to do. Make up your own jobs, if you prefer.

Sketching Committee

Make planning sketches of the site for all committees. Construct signs for the construction site. Draw and paint signs for the permanent site. Draw these signs to fit the model museum.

Building Committee

Sketch some designs for your buildings. Use the museum photographs to help you. Decide what materials you will use. Make the buildings.

Landscape Committee

Use flour and salt to mould a landscape on a piece of board. Make hills and a valley and the creek bed. Construct a bridge over the creek. Make some trees, shrubs, and gardens. Plan and make model parking lots. Plan a pioneer herb and vegetable garden.

Artifacts Committee

Create some mini-models of collections to be displayed at your museum. Look back over the stories in this book to come up with ideas for your collections. Label all of your collections. Arrange them on a shelf labelled "artifacts".

Publicity Committee

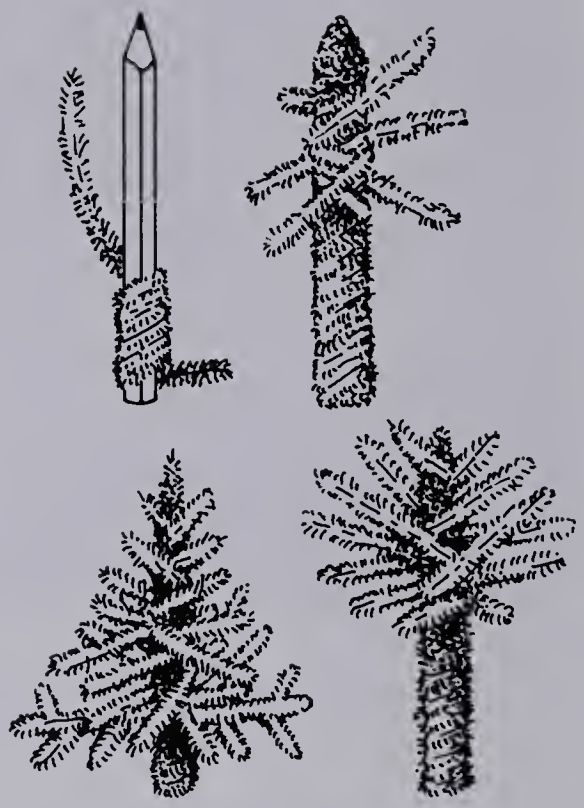
Write some historic plaques for the buildings. Write press releases for the newspaper. Make posters for the opening day. Write some letters asking for volunteers and to get funds. Mount your work in a "Publicity" display on your bulletin board.

Trees

1. Use pipe cleaners. Wrap them tightly around a pencil. Glue the pipe cleaners closely together.

2. To make tall pine trees, use fatter pipe cleaners at the base of the pencil and thinner pipe cleaners at the top.

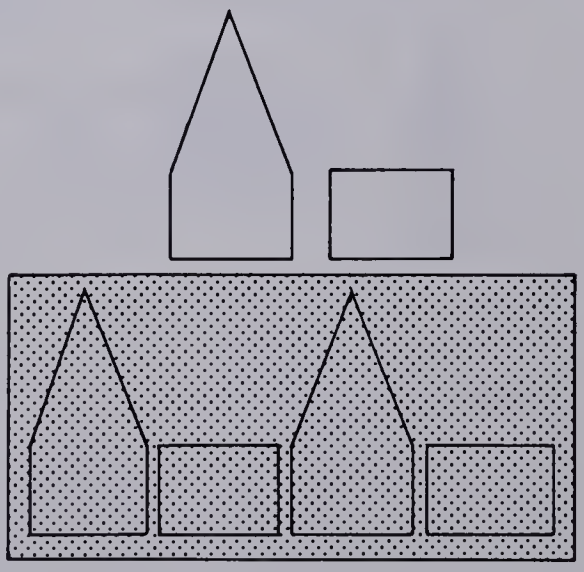
3. To make branches, wrap pieces of pipe cleaners around the pencil once, and let the ends stick out.



Buildings

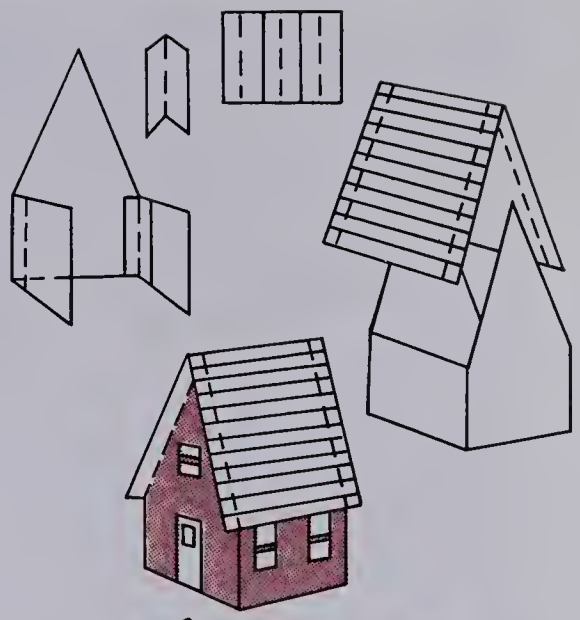
Try different methods for each building. Two methods are shown here.

1. (a) To make the sides of the building, draw two sides on a piece of paper. Trace these two on cardboard to make the four sides.



(b) Make four cardboard straps. Join the sides using the straps.

(c) Using construction paper, make a roof to cover the four sides of your building.

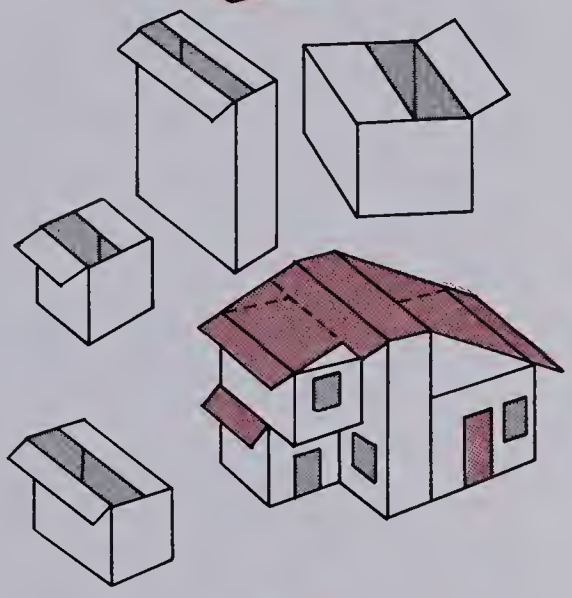


2. (a) Use cereal boxes or other cardboard containers as your working material.

   (b) Stack them or put them side by side until you find the shape that you want. Then tape them together.

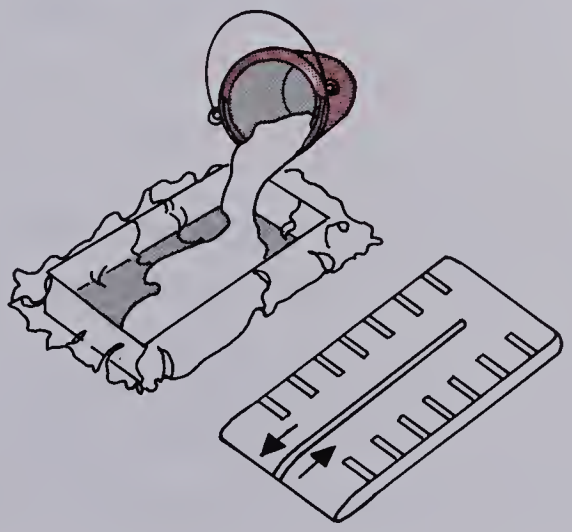
   (c) Add details (like windows or doors) with coloured corrugated cardboard and paint.

   (d) Some boxes can overhang the sides to make verandahs or roofs.



Parking Lots

1. Use plastic to cover a shallow box.
2. Pour Plaster of Paris into the box. Smooth it out.
3. When it dries, paint lines and arrows on your parking lot.



9 Grandfather Tales

Peter Webster is a grandfather. He has many, many grandchildren whom he loves.

Peter spends much of his time with his grandchildren. He teaches them the language and ways of his people. He sings them the songs of their people, the Nootka. He tells them stories of his childhood. He shows them the Nootka dances and explains the meaning of the masks and rattles.

Peter has a good memory. He can remember back to a time when his people lived life very close to nature. In those days, the sea and the land gave his people all they needed. It took a great deal of their time to fish, gather food, and preserve it.

Peter was born on October 3, 1908. It was fall. At that time of year the Nootka Indian band lived at Bear River.

Peter came into the world too late to take part in some old customs. Whaling and sealing expeditions in dugout canoes no longer took place. Many of the clothes he wore and the tools his family used were factory-made. But some customs remained. Capes made with cedar bark were worn and baskets made from spruce roots were still used in his home.

When Peter was eight years old he began to learn about the customs and rituals of his people. He learned the importance that the men placed on such rituals as bathing in salt water and

Peter Webster and his grandchildren.

praying. Also at this time he learned the Nootka prayer songs. These songs have been an important part of the culture of his people for a long time.

The stories Peter tells are called "Grandfather Tales", for it is through storytelling that the Nootka teach their children and grandchildren. To Peter's people this is an important way of

teaching. Peter calls his stories "As Far As I Know", because he is remembering the events as best he can. Sometimes he has to think back fifty or sixty years.

Peter got his education from his grandparents, parents, and other grown-ups in his village. He was taught how to live off the land, the rivers, and the sea. He learned the traditions of his family. He gained respect for a Great Power that ruled each life. He and the other children lived very closely with their grandparents as well as with their parents. It was from them that they learned so much about the Nootka culture.

In the stories that follow, Peter tells about these important people in his life. He also tells about some of the most exciting events of his childhood.

What different kinds of landforms and waterforms do you see on this map?

▶ 1. In the Nootka culture grandparents play an important role. What do you do at home or at school to make old people a part of your every-day life? How can we learn from them?

▶ 2. Think of some other old people in the stories in this book. Write their names down in your notebook. Beside each name, write down what you learned from each of them.

▶ 3. What other people whom you have met in the pages of this book lived off the land as the Nootka did? In what ways did they depend on the seasons?

Peter's Stories: "Memories of My Grandparents"

I have many memories of my grandparents, especially of my mother's parents, with whom I lived as a child.

My grandfather had a big house on the reserve at Yarksis. It must have measured 18 m by 12 m. It was like most of the houses in the main village. Its walls had boards on the outside and were lined on the inside. An iron stove was used for cooking and for heating the house.

I recall often falling asleep beside my grandfather while listening to his stories of the past and to his songs. These songs have been handed down from one generation to another.

Trapping for Bears

When I was old enough, about eight years of age, I was allowed to go with my grandfather on his hunting and fishing trips. I still remember clearly what happened when I went with him to look at the deadfall traps that he used to catch bears.

A bear trap consisted of a single, heavy pole with rocks on top of it. The pole would crash down on the animal when it was moved. Some of these traps were baited with meat such as chum salmon. Other traps were unbaited.

To get to the traps, my grandfather would sit in the stern end of his dugout canoe and paddle to the mouth of a river. Once

there, he would turn the canoe around and pole it, stern first, up the rapids. This made it easier for him to see where he was going, as the prow of the traditional canoe is high and ornamental.

When he came to the place where the traps had been set, he landed.

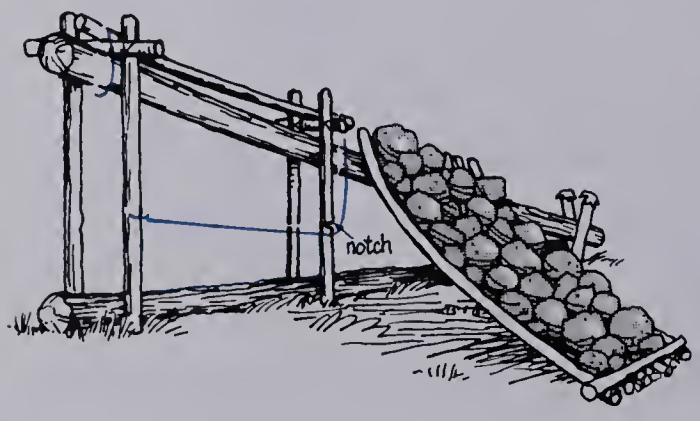
I was too young to be of any help. But I always went with him on his visits to the traps. Mostly, this was because I was afraid to stay in the canoe. To tell you the truth, I was even more frightened by the sight of a dead bear in a trap. But, as frightened as I was, I learned not to cry.

First grandfather would take the heavy rocks and the pole off the bear. Then he would drag the animal free and reset the trap. After this, he dragged the bear to the river and loaded it into the canoe. When this was done, we headed down the river.

When we arrived at the mouth of the river my grandfather would shout four times: "Hooooo-Naay!" This was a signal to the people in the camp that someone was bringing in a black bear. A strong man would then come and carry the bear to the house of the trapper.

That evening, all of the people in the camp were invited to attend a dinner. This meal was in honour of the bear that had been trapped.

The bear was the "guest of honour". Its body was displayed in a sitting position, as though it were still alive. A couple of feathers—from either a white swan or an eagle—were stuck up behind the bear's head. Strings were tied to the paws. When they



BUILD A BEAR TRAP

Study the drawing on this page. Use it as a guide to make your own bear trap.

Use sticks as poles. Connect them with string. For rocks, use some weights. Build a net to hold the weight on the poles.

were pulled, the paws moved in time to bear songs that were sung by the people.

From time to time, one member of the group splashed a bowlful of oil on the fire. When it flared, he would shout "Naay".

There would be a fine dinner— usually of smoked dog salmon and bannock. The dead bear was offered the same food.

The next day, one of the men of the camp who was especially skilled would skin the animal.

CREATE A CLASSROOM MEMORY BANK

As we have seen, the memories of older people can help us find out how life has changed since they were young.

- Ask a grandparent (your own, your friend's, or one who lives near you) to tell you about an event from his or her childhood that would not happen today. Ask to see pictures or mementos from the past.
- Read one of Peter's stories to the older person. This may help give him or her an idea of what you need.
- Write down or tape-record what the grandparent says.
- Share your information with the class.

Collecting Cedar Bark

At the same age, I was allowed to accompany my grandmother on some of her activities. I remember going with her to collect cedar bark. This was used for making many items. Mats, caps, containers, and water-proof clothes for fishing were just a few of them.

With my grandmother and other women from the camp, I boarded a large dugout canoe. We paddled it down Bedwell Sound to a small bay at the foot of the mountain.

Once there, we climbed out of the canoe. Then we pulled it above the high-water mark. Next, we climbed the mountain in search of suitable cedar trees. A "suitable" tree was one that had a long trunk with no branches.

Why did the women collect cedar bark rather than the bark of other trees?

When this was found, the women peeled the bark from the tree. Then they pulled it apart. In this way the women separated the inner and outer layers. The inner bark was then folded and strapped, in bundles, to each woman's back.

At the end of the day we climbed down the mountain and returned to the canoe. By the time we arrived at camp, it was late in the evening.

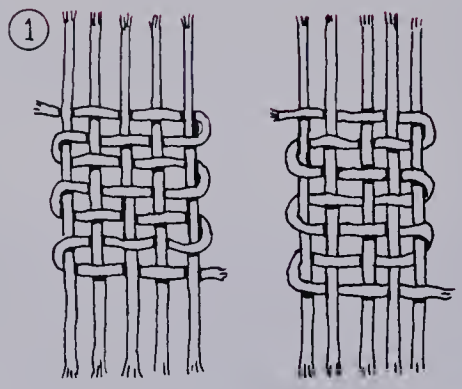
Next morning, the bark was unfolded and spread out to dry in the air. After about a day, it was dry enough to be folded again. Then it was stored until it was needed for weaving.

These articles were made by native people in the interior of B.C.

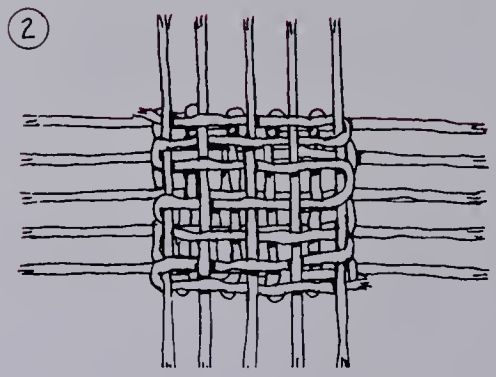
1. *Which one do you think is made of bark?*
2. *Which one is woven?*
3. *Which one would you use to pick berries?*
4. *Which article might you use as a wall decoration?*
5. *What might the design represent?*

TWINE A BASKET

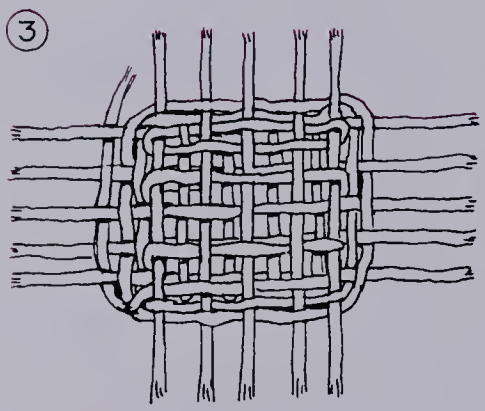
Bring a basket to school. Be ready to explain where the basket is from and how it was made. When making your own basket, use jute or raffia instead of cedar bark.



Twine two sections, as above.



Place one section over the other to form the bottom of the basket.



Twine, beginning at one corner and going all around the basket.

Continue to twine, pulling the jute to make the sides curl upward.

The tighter your twining is, the more shape your basket will have.

I Build a Canoe

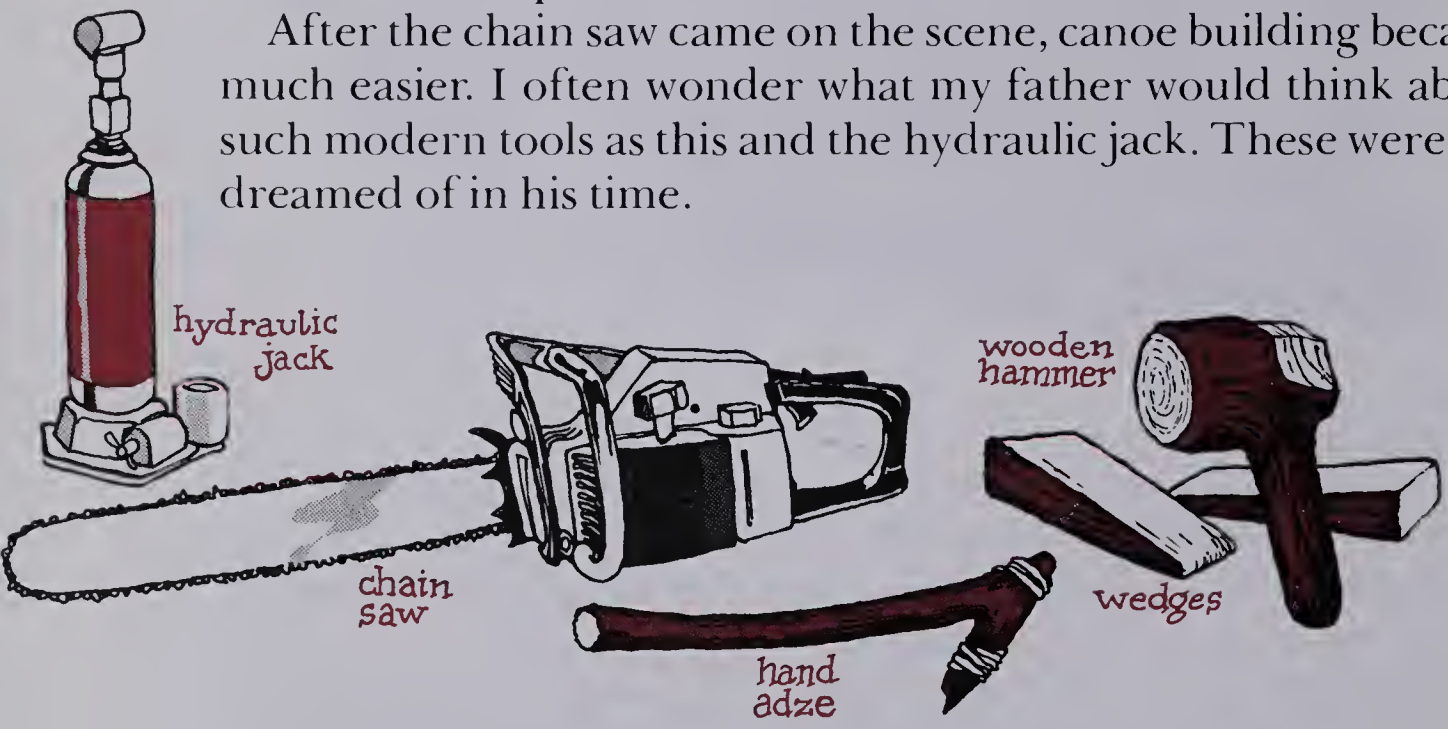
I remember watching my father cut down a cedar tree. From it, he would make a large dugout canoe. He carried out this work with great respect for the tree. He would talk to it as though he were talking to a fellow human being. He would ask the tree not to hurt him. He was going to change it into a beautiful object that would be useful to him, he would explain to the tree.

After my father had cut the tree to the proper length, he would split it lengthways. A heavy, wooden hammer and wedges made from yew wood were his tools. On the third or fourth day after the tree had been felled, he would cut one of the halves into the shape of a canoe. Next, he would hollow this out with the use of a hand adze.

My father and his cousin, Chew-Seitcher, used to work together at building canoes. They taught me how to use the tools needed to build a canoe. When they felt I was ready, my father cut a small cedar tree for me to work on. This log was about 2 m in length and 60 cm in width. With it, I was to copy the work they did.

The most difficult part of the job was chipping the sides and bottom of the dugout to an even thickness. It had to be 3 cm on the sides and 4 cm to 5 cm on the bottom. My father and Chew-Seitcher measured the thickness by using the palms of their hands. I had to bore a number of 6 mm holes to help me judge how thick each part was.

After the chain saw came on the scene, canoe building became much easier. I often wonder what my father would think about such modern tools as this and the hydraulic jack. These were not dreamed of in his time.



▶ 1. What skill have you learned from a grown-up?

▶ 2. Make a display in your classroom. The display should tell about some of the skills you have learned outside of school. For example, students who take dancing lessons might display the music they dance to. Or they could show the steps they have learned.

Moving with the Seasons

When Peter was young, he had many homes. The Nootka travelled to different camps during the year. With the changing weather, the fish, birds, and larger animals migrated to new areas. The Nootka had to move so that they could fish, trap, and gather food all year round.

Autumn: Bear River (O-in-mi-tis)

In November, our family moved down the inlet to a place called Cloolth-Pich. Cloolth-Pich is on the Meares Island side of what is known as Maurus Channel. The nearest location on maps today is Robert Point. We would stay at this place for about four months.

The movement of the family from O-in-mi-tis was a sight to see! The people packed all of their belongings, including food supplies, into large canoes. At times, my parents used two canoes. My father would paddle one; my mother would paddle the other.

They would wait for a calm day. Then the heavily laden canoes would move down the inlet to Cloolth-Pich.

Winter: Cloolth-Pich

At Cloolth-Pich we lived in the same kind of shell-like, rough buildings that we had at O-in-mi-tis. However, instead of having one firepit in the centre of the floor, my grandfather's house in Cloolth-Pich was large enough to have one at each end.

While here, we would fish for ling cod. We often used live rock cod as bait to lure the larger fish to the surface. Once at the surface, the fish could be speared and brought into a canoe. We also

fished for red cod. And we dug for clams and hunted ducks and loons. The loons were hunted at night and killed with a five-pointed spear. Their feathers were plucked the following day. Then the loons were boiled for food.

Spring and Summer: Vargas Island

Before the herring were due to arrive, we moved from Cloolth-Pich to Yarksis. This is a village on the east coast of Vargas Island. From there, especially in the summer, the people moved out to a number of temporary camps at places such as Ahous and Blunden Island.

In all, there were eight places where people could live in the summer. Others, such as Bare Island, were only visited.

At this time of year the people hunted seal. Sea urchins and mussels were also collected. On Bare Island, we collected sea-gull eggs and gooseneck clams.

At the end of summer, the families would return to Yarksis. Here they gathered together for the trip to O-in-mi-tis in September. The cycle would then start over again.

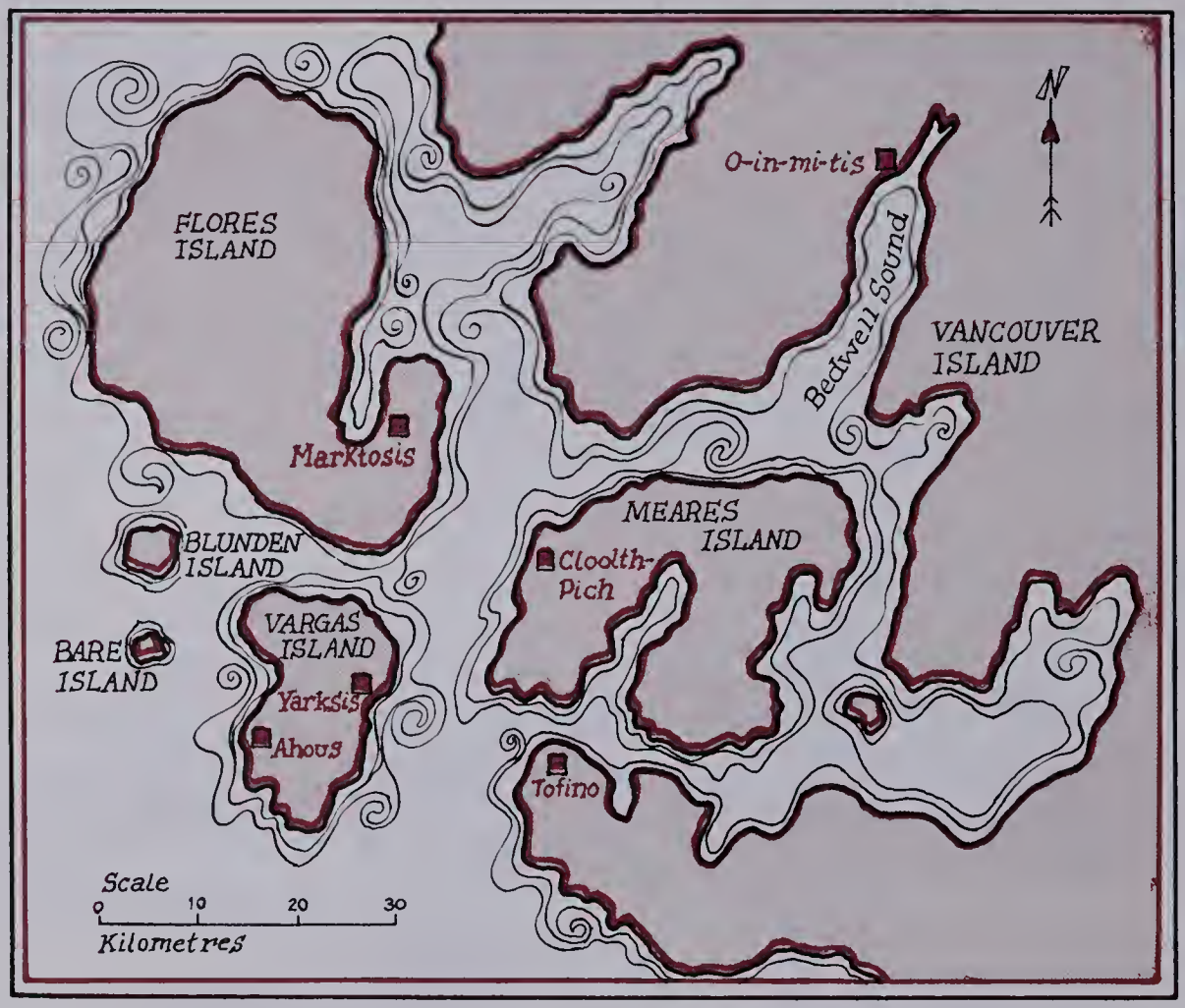
▶ 1. Locate the camp for each season on the map on page 182.

▶ 2. Why did the Nootka move to several different places during the year? Why do people move to different places these days?

▶ 3. Trace the map on page 182 on a piece of paper. Draw in the routes that the people took to get to their camps.
   (a) Which journey would be the easiest? Why?
   (b) Which journey would be the most difficult? Why?
   (c) In what direction did the Nootka travel to go from the winter camp to the summer camp? from the summer camp to the autumn camp? from the autumn camp to the winter camp?

▶ 4. Plan a legend to show on your map where
   (a) Peter was born.
   (b) Peter's grandfather had a big house.
   (c) Peter's grandmother collected cedar bark.

Sea gull
Seals
Sea-gull eggs
Clams
Sea urchin



Locate this map on the map on page 170. Which map is on the smaller scale? How can you tell?

FOOD-GATHERING HANDBOOK

- Together with your teacher and classmates, make a list of foods that you could gather in your area of Canada if you lived off the land. Include plants, animals, and fish.
- Have each member of the class choose one item from the list, and write and illustrate a page for the handbook. Show a picture of the item. Label the picture. Explain how to find and recognize the item. Tell how to gather and preserve it.

OUR CANADIAN SEASONS

1. Divide the class into four working groups. Have each group choose one season to illustrate. Use cut paper or paint.
2. Put all of your pictures together in a mural that shows the food-gathering cycle of the Nootka. Start with autumn. Follow the seasons.

The Nootka Today

Peter is worried. He fears that the new generation has lost the Nootka language and most of the songs that used to be sung by all. Now there are only a few people living who know many Nootka songs. The songs they know "belong" to a chief or to a member of the Nootka tribe.

Peter has collected a lot of old songs. He has carefully recorded all of the songs that people have given to him. Peter knows how important it is to own a song. He has marked the tapes to make it clear who owns the song.

This type of collecting is important for the future, Peter believes. It is something he can leave behind when he dies.

Many things in Peter's life have changed. But, in many ways, he and his wife Jessie follow the old traditions. Their house is always filled with their children and their beloved grandchildren. This is very much as it was in Peter's childhood.

Two of Peter's granddaughters have learned the traditional Nootka dances. They are often with him when he sings at family gatherings.

Peter's wife, Jessie, is famous for her "Maquinna" hats, woven of cedar bark. His daughters, also, weave in the traditional ways.

When they can, the family eats traditional foods such as smoked salmon. Jessie prepares this on cedar sticks in the village smoke house. They also eat ducks, cod, and other foods from the shore and the sea whenever they can.

Peter and Jessie follow some of the old ways. At the same time, they now have the use of many modern inventions. These include the washing machine and dryer, the freezer and refrigerator, the radio, and the television. Peter can now travel to Tofino in his gasoline-powered boat. This takes half an hour from Marktosis, compared with four or five hours of paddling in the old days. When he and Jessie drive around Tofino or travel to Port Alberni or beyond, they use a car. Peter tells his grandchil-

Jessie Webster.

dren what he feels are the most important things—the things that should never change. "First, we must respect our old ways. Second, we must have respect for ourselves: as persons and as members of a people who have been here for a long time."

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